the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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Howl! R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. considers the perfect demagogue: **Bella Abzug** and her politics of hate.

An obituary for socialism by **Irving Kristol;** *an open letter from* **Vic Gold** *to Spiro Agnew;* **William E. Simon** *on the shame of business corruption;* **Joseph P. Duggan** *on the Moonies; plus a Symposium on* **Beers.**

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

¶ August passes, and those blithe spirits who were denied the swell spectacle of another McGovern candidacy are beginning to perk up, for now there sprouts in gaudy profusion hard evidence that the Democrats in convention assembled have donated to the 1976 presidential campaign another whopper, a McGoo and more. They have nominated what appears to be the political equivalent of a platypus, a shaggy varmint part McGovern, part Eleanor Roosevelt, part Nixon, and part Willie (the Actor) Sutton. His limp[illegible]gs are laced with the wisdom of Sis[illegible]rson, Brother Bryan, Rod McKuen, [illegible]eorge Gallup. He is the veriest of frauds.

¶ At the height of his powers he is capable of the most blatant dissimulations: sermonizing against amnesty while endorsing pardons, sermonizing against racial bigotry after cozily cooperating with the country's worst bigots, sermonizing against special interests after amassing a fortune in one of the most highly subsidized agribusinesses in the country, a devout dove on record as a supporter of the Vietnam war at least until 1971, a friend of Labor who swatted it at every turn during his gubernatorial years, the champion of Great Society programs who opposes Great Society costs; in brief a sempiternal liar, campaigning for moral reawakening. A thrill comes with the contemplation of this saga. From the Georgian boondocks he has risen—his pockets bulging with moon pies for the yokels, his sermons full of virtuous vapor for the intellectualoids; and if he has his way, the 1976 presidential will be one extended soap opera starring Brother Carter, Yahweh, and the descendants of Flem Snopes.

¶ Against him will stand President Gerald R. Ford, the political heir to all the vast powers of Richard M. Nixon, husband of the enlightened Betty Ford, and darling of the intelligentsia. He was nominated on the night of August 18, and within 24 hours he forged an awesome alliance between Grand Rapids, Michigan and Russell, Kansas before departing for the golf courses of Vail, Colorado. Not since Coolidge took on John W. Davis has America had two more exciting candidates lunging for the presidency. And on August 24 the forward-looking American Independence Party exhibited to the world the stupendous depth of leadership available to Americans when it gave its presidential nomination to Governor Lester Maddox, the legendary defender of American yokelry.

¶ Another romantic figure from the Kennedy years has passed on. He was Mr. John Roselli, a former colleague of the late Mr. Sam (Momo) Giancana. Mr. Roselli turned up unexpectedly in an oil drum on Biscayne Bay. The United States Tennis Association found itself in an unprecedented pickle when the voluptuous Dr. Renee Richards chose to lead the patheticos who call themselves "transsexuals" out of the operating room and into the United States Open. The 42-year-old, six-foot, two-inch ophthalmologist and part-time philatelist has caused grave unease within the liberationist movements, especially amongst feminists who had heretofore shown such gusto for coercing men's organizations to admit women. The possibility that their equal rights legislation will now force professional female athletes to compete with geldings does not please them. Ah, but it pleases me, and that is why this month's Male Chauvinist Pig Award is hereby tendered to Dr. Renee—not often have these obnoxious sophists been forced to confront reality.

¶ Mr. Kakuei Tanaka, the former prime minister of Japan, was jugged for allegedly accepting the generosity of the infamous Lockheed conspiracy. The Rt. Hon. Wayne Hays is leading a movement to clean up the United States House of Representatives. Both he and fellow Democrat Rep. Otto Passman are retiring. And the world's foremost capitalist government has indicted the airline of the world's foremost socialist government for engaging *flagrante delicto* in free enterprise. Aeroflot, the Soviet airline, was indicted on August 3 in Brooklyn for selling half-price tickets for Paris-to-Washington flights.

¶ The esteemed nations of the Third World journeyed to progressive Sri Lanka for a week-long diplomatic carnival. Over one hundred vehement discourses were heard, most of them dyspeptic, self-serving, and fatuous; but from the din emerged a new conception of world economics based on the miracle of the loaves and the fishes, featuring America as the ultimate source of the aforementioned miraculous viands. Mr. Lester Felker of Chicago celebrated his 53rd birthday by ceremoniously leading his wife's two Saint Bernards onto his front lawn and before an audience of horrified neighbors rhythmically butchering them to the accompaniment of a recording of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Mrs. Felker has moved in with her sister.

¶ That mysterious conspiracy against the Rt. Hon. Allan Howe continues. On August 25 the battling solon from South Cottonwood, Utah was given a 30-day suspended sentence and assessed court costs for soliciting lewd acts from two police decoys. The blow came just hours after his campaign headquarters received word that the hapless manager of his campaign, Mr. Tim Allen, had been arrested for selling marijuana — a dreadful misfortune sure to affect Mr. Howe's chances for reelection.

¶ Mrs. Susan Stern, 33, the tough-minded Weatherman indicted with the Seattle 7 for allegedly splattering paint on Seattle's U.S. Courthouse, died of injuries suffered from what was reported as "an extended session in a sauna." An Iraqi Airways Boeing 747 with 350 passengers en route to Paris landed at the wrong Paris airport. And Uganda's President Idi Amin Dada continues to suffer from truly abominable press relations. Late in August it was reported that Ugandan troops killed five university students and wounded dozens more, but what was not reported very clearly was that the students had actually been calling Mr. Amin's son names—an insult intolerable for any proud father. The gentle side of Field Marshal Amin, family man, had shown itself earlier in the month when he took his brood on an outing to his Kampala command post. There his wives and children gaily entertained themselves by firing Soviet-made antitank and antiaircraft weapons and then settled down to a late-night snack and a game of "pebbles," the diversion that has become so popular with upper-class Ugandans. But even good-humored horseplay can be hazardous. Two of the general's wives had to be hospitalized with facial lacerations, and one suffered a broken nose.

¶ A sigh of relief issued from California's Fourth Congressional District when Democratic Rep. Robert Leggett, an admitted forger now under investigation for revealing classified information, solemnly declared that he broke off relations with a mistress by whom he had had two children and with whom he had clandestinely cohabitated for over a decade "before she became really right-wing." Progress has struck at House Speaker Carl Albert's Oklahoma birthplace, which is changing its name to Flowery Mound from the original Bug Tussle. And in Genoa, Italy, the *Carabinieri* investigating Mr. Luigi Musso's ransacked apartment arrested Mr. Quirino del Medico, whom they found thrashing and moaning in Mr. Musso's closet. The ill-starred burglar could no longer keep his hiding-place a secret when seized by a claustrophobic fit.

¶ In Moscow, the newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* reports a dispiriting tale of bourgeois decadence in a Soviet zoo where many animals starved while zoo keepers dined handsomely on the animals' provender. The hellish behavior took place at the rising town of Karaganda where corruption apparently spread throughout the community. Not only were zoo keepers eating exceptionally well, but they were paying off the town's director of culture by delivering to him what the newspaper termed "exotic refreshments," $876.28 worth of tropical fruits meant for the zoo's monkeys. Meanwhile in Portsmouth, Virginia proud parents David and Beverly Webster beamed as their seventeen-year-old daughter was stripped and beaten during her initiation into the rites of witchcraft, a nonconformist religion for whose practice Mr. Webster was sacked from his job as a disc jockey at a local radio station. Such is the extent of religious liberty in these United States!

¶ Finally, National Public Radio has unveiled another lunatic proposal for its gullible audience. According to a Mrs. Ingebar of the great state of California, justice demands that housewives receive $13,000 per year from what she loosely refers to as "American business." Her reasoning is subtle and intricate, but unless I have wildly miscalculated the NPR audience, our Mrs. Ingebar's proposal is the most popular heard there since Mr. Clifford Irving wowed the harebrains with his suggestion that no crime be punishable by imprisonment unless it involves grave bodily injury. Jimmy Carter, are you listening? —*RET*

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EDITORIAL
by
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Howl!

If you follow the gutters of New York's Fifth Avenue to the south, past the fashionable shops, past Saint Patrick's Cathedral, down past the old Flatiron Building, and beyond, eventually you will come upon a neighborhood where it makes no difference if you are crawling along the gutter or walking upright on the sidewalk. Here everyone is treated equally; gutter life and sidewalk society merge into one coarse throng. This was once the neighborhood of fourth-rate writers and artists; it is now the neighborhood of failed *culturati*, of the lumpenproletariat, of degenerates, addicts, and Iowa runaways reborn by a stupendous encounter with J.D. Salinger. Superstition is rampant, as is general ignorance, sloth, and dudgeon. Appropriately enough this is the home of Mrs. Martin Abzug. This is Greenwich Village, and for Bella Abzug it served as a veritable Walden Pond.

On its roiled waters she pondered human nature and at length became "an activist," by which she means a special kind of politico: one who combines the cofffeehouse existentialist's virtues of being "agonized" and "emotional" with the traditional pol's virtues of duplicity, avarice, and sagacity in the ways of fleecing the public. All this and more she relates in her published diary modestly titled *Bella!* It is an odd book whose style appears to be the combined work of a J. Walter Thompson ad hack and a mass murderer; from it one gains the profound conviction that Congresswoman Abzug is a bombastic crank and a threat to civil liberties.

The haranguer from New York's 20th Congressional District gained her understanding of human nature in a neighborhood composed of the most demented elements from academe, Hell's Kitchen, and Scarsdale. She may now take long swims in the natatorium of the United States Congress, floating placidly on the only set of water wings ever seen in those distinguished parts, but she cannot get the Village out of her head. As she trundles down the halls of the Capitol she dreams of vast war protests, but there is no war. She envisions long lines of starving Americans, but there are no such lines. She sees an invincible army of women streaming out of some mountainous province of the American interior, eager to right the wrongs that are daily perpetrated in the kitchens and bedrooms of the Republic; but there is no such army, no such province, and no such injustice.

These realities, however, have no impact on an assiduous activist from the Village. Present to her the defense budget, and her ears fill with the long-dead diatribe of some lunatic sage from Washington Square. Discuss social policy, and her ears resound with the *Internationale*. Mention the Chamber of Commerce, and she pulls a Molotov cocktail from her purse. As Madame Abzug sees it *The Federalist Papers* will forever remain deficient because they never mentioned the positive aspects of what she sees as the key to political action, hate.

Blood-Curdling Yell

Hate is her afflatus. Her education may have given her a wobbly capacity for analytical thought, but it gave her a superb capacity for hate. Thought corrupts the serious activist; hate energizes, focuses, and improves him. It is to be expected that Madame Abzug's understanding of the Republic is not very thoughtful, but her performance as an activist is all the better for her ignorance. What intellection she devotes to understanding America is based on the old leftist dogma that lives led in insane asylums are not very different from lives led in Omaha. According to this perspective the average Americano is probably a thief, his son a wistful homosexual, his daughter a neurotic, and his wife a seething victim of four thousand years of inexplicable and impregnable oppression. The capitalist system has allowed a mysterious handful of fat people to gain almost total control over the Republic, and the Americano must be made cognizant of this development. Capitalism has led to a widespread malaise that is suspiciously akin to mental illness. Every year it thwarts millions of noble aspirations, jails thousands of noble aspirants, and poisons one of the Great Lakes. If the plain folk do not wake up, something truly untoward and violent will occur anon... perhaps sooner. Even then there is no guarantee America will be delivered up to the tidy glory that is modern China. How to bring Americans around to an understanding of this state of emergency? Here a belief in the positive uses of hate is simply not enough; and it has devolved to Madame Abzug to provide the lunatic left with a praxis that is at once economical and easy to use. To the political philosophy of arrant hate she has welded the political technique of the blood-curdling yell.

Madame Abzug is not only the most gifted orchestrator of hate at large in the Republic today; she is also the most seasoned rabble rouser since Father Charles E. Coughlin. She is a born shouter. Her ample jowls are made for sneering. Scowls come to her as easily as perspiration. No beauty queen was ever more munificently endowed for her role than Madame Abzug is for hers. The constantly shifting eyes lurking beneath a forehead of Maginot Line-like concrete, the iron jaw, the thick arms bashing at the air. Was Mussolini more perfectly sculptured? And what of her style of dress? Ugly, some sniff; but again they miss the mark, for her dress harmonizes exquisitely with the ugliness of her message. How absurd and dysfunctional it would be for her to bellow out her rage attired as Jacqueline Onassis or Nancy Reagan. From the turn of her ankles to the rasp in her voice, she is the most perfectly produced demagogue ever imagined.

Madame Abzug has exploited all of her swell gifts so successfully since entering Congress six years ago that she has never once had to do anything but roar. She has never had to provide evidence for her canards about American enormities. She has never had to defend the hare-brained legislation she confects. And she has never had to face up to the truth that her panaceas are not only not progressive, but they are also not democratic, not egalitarian, and not humane. Taken one with another they amount to the old Marxist flim flam; if life were as Madame Abzug would have it she would turn us all into Bulgarians. For her to get away with appropriating the label liberal is to make a mockery of the Truth-in-Advertising Act. She is a straightforward totalitarian, susceptible to every quibble the Marxist has with a free society, eager for every statist intrusion into the lives of private citizens, and utterly indifferent to the spreading dark age of tyranny that now stalks every continent.

How violent she is in her denunciations of the abominations committed by Chilean misanthropes and South African racists, but has she ever entered a dissenting opinion against the Communist thugs, the thugs whose bully clubs are sovereign over 38 percent of the world? Or has she ever spoken up as democracy is snuffed out by the tin-pot generalissimos of the Third World? I have not heard of it.

The closest she has ever come was in her July 21st speech commemorating Captive Nations Week, and then the dictatorship she chose to upbraid was India! The speech itself is an empty tradition amongst our politicos, who yearly intone it to ingratiate themselves to those of their

(*continued on page 34*)

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Irving Kristol

Socialism: An Obituary for an Idea

The dead idea of socialism is putrifying both the world's mind and the world's body. It was an admirable idea, but now it must be removed and buried.

The most important political event of the twentieth century is not the crisis of capitalism but the death of socialism. It is an event of immense significance. For with the passing of the socialist ideal there is removed from the political horizon the one alternative to capitalism that was rooted in the Judeo-Christian tradition and in the Western civilization which emerged from that tradition. Now, to ever greater degree, anti-capitalism is becoming synonymous with one form or another of barbarism and tyranny. And since capitalism, after two hundred or so years, is bound to endure crisis and breed disaffection, it is nothing short of a tragedy that anti-capitalist dissent should now be liberated from a socialist tradition which—one sees it clearly in perspective—had the function of civilizing dissent, a function it was able to perform because it implicitly shared so many crucial values with the liberal capitalism it opposed.

Today, we live in a world with an ever increasing number of people who call themselves socialists, an ever increasing number of political regimes that call themselves socialist, but where the socialist ideal itself has been voided of all meaning, and frequently of all humane substance as well. It must be emphasized that this is not a question of the institutional reality diverging markedly from the original, inspiring ideal—as the Christian Church, let us say, diverged from the original vision of the Gospels. That kind of wayward development is natural and inevitable, if always dismaying—ideals pay a large price for their incarnation. In the case of contemporary socialism, however, the ideal itself has ceased to be of any interest to anyone—it has not been adapted to reality but contemptuously repudiated by it.

True, there is a dwindling band of socialist fideists who keep insisting that we must not judge socialism by any of its works. The Soviet Union, they tell us, is not "socialist" at all; nor is China, or Yugoslavia, or Cuba, or Hungary, or all those other "people's democracies." Neither, of course, are such regimes as exist in Peru or Syria or Zaire, whose claims to socialist legitimacy are not to be taken seriously. As for Western countries with social-democratic governments, such as Britain or Sweden—well, they get a passing grade for "effort" but it seems that they are insufficiently resolute or intelligent to bring "true" socialism about.

This is all quite ridiculous, of course. Socialism is what socialism does. The plaintive lament of the purist that socialism (or capitalism, or Christianity) has "never really been tried" is simply the expression of petulance and obstinacy on the part of ideologues who, convinced that they have a more profound understanding than anyone else of the world and its history, now find that they have been living a huge self-deception. People who persist in calling themselves socialist, while decrying the three-quarters of the world that has proclaimed itself socialist, and who can find a socialist country nowhere but in their imaginings—such people are anachronisms. As such they do serve a purpose: they help the historian and scholar understand what socialists used to think socialism was all about. One could discover that from reading books, to be sure, but it is sometimes enlightening to interview an actual survivor.

The absolute contradiction between the socialist reality today and the original socialist ideal is most perfectly revealed by the utter refusal of socialist collectivities even to think seriously about that ideal. Perhaps the most extraordinary fact of twentieth-century intellectual history is that all thinking about socialism takes place in non-socialist countries. In this respect, one can again see the fallacy in the analogy—so frequently and glibly made—between contemporary socialism and early Christianity. The Church certainly did deviate from the original teachings of Jesus and his apostles, and did transform these teachings into a theology suitable for an institutional religion. But these deviations and transformations, this development of Christian doctrine, were the work of the Church Fathers, whose powerful minds can fascinate us even today. In the case of contemporary socialism, there are no Church Fathers—only heretics, outside the reach of established orthodoxies, developing doctrines for which socialist authority has no use at all. Not a single interesting work on Marxism—not even an authoritative biography of Karl Marx!—has issued from the Soviet Union in its sixty years of existence. If you want to study Marxism, with Marxist intellectuals, you go to Paris, or Rome, or London, or some American university campus. There are no intellectual hegiras to Moscow, Peking, or Havana. Moreover, the works of Western Marxist thinkers—and some are indeed impressive—are suppressed in socialist lands. Sartre's Marxist writings have never been published in Russia, just as Brecht's plays have never been produced there, and just as Picasso's paintings have never been exhibited there. Socialism, apparently, is one of those ideals which, when breathed upon by reality, suffers immediate petrifaction. Which is why all those who remain loyal to this ideal will

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This essay will appear in The Future That Doesn't Work, *a book edited by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. on the crisis of social democracy in Britain, to be published next spring by Doubleday.*

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always end up bewailing another "revolution betrayed."

The inevitable question is: what was the weakness at the heart of this ideal that made it so vulnerable to reality? But in an obituary, it is indelicate to begin with the deceased's flaws of mind and character. It is more appropriate to take cognizance of, and pay one's respects to, his positive qualities. And the socialist ideal was, in many respects, an admirable one. More than that: it was a *necessary* ideal, offering elements that were wanting in capitalist society—elements indispensable for the preservation, not to say perfection, of our humanity.

The basic defects of a liberal-capitalist society have been obscured from us by the socialist critique itself—or, to be more precise, by the versions of this critique which ultimately became the intellectual orthodoxy of the socialist movements. The original sources of socialist dissent are best discovered by going back to the original socialists: the so-called "utopian" socialists, as distinguished from the later "scientific" socialists. Reading them, one finds that socialism derives its spiritual energy from a profound dissatisfaction, not with one or another aspect of liberal modernity, but with that modernity itself. Indeed, the original socialist criticism of the bourgeois world is, to a remarkable degree, a secular version of the indictment which the "reactionary" Catholic Church was then continually making, though to a world increasingly deaf to Christian tonalities.

The essential point of this indictment was that *liberty was not enough.* A society founded solely on "individual rights" was a society that ultimately deprived men of those virtues which could only exist in a *political community* which is something other than a "society." Among these virtues are a sense of distributive justice, a fund of shared moral values, and a common vision of the good life sufficiently attractive and powerful to transcend the knowledge that each individual's life ends only in death. Capitalist society itself—as projected, say, in the writings of John Locke and Adam Smith—was negligent of such virtues. It did not reject them and in no way scorned them, but simply assumed that the individual would be able to cope with this matter as he did with his other "private" affairs. This assumption, in turn, was possible only because the founders of capitalism took it for granted that the moral and spiritual heritage of Judaism and Christianity was unassailable, and that the new individualism of bourgeois society would not "liberate" the individual from this tradition. It might free him from a particular theology, or a particular church; but he would "naturally" rediscover for himself, within himself, those values previously associated with that theology or church. This was very much a Protestant conception of the relation between men and the values by which they lived and died. It survived so long as traditional religious habits of mind survived in the individualist, secularized society of bourgeois capitalism. Which is to say, for many generations capitalism was able to live off the accumulated moral and spiritual capital of the past. But with each generation that capital stock was noticeably depleted, had to be stretched ever thinner to meet the exigencies of life. Bankruptcy was inevitable, and we have seen it come in our own time, as a spirit of nihilism has dismissed not only the answers derived from tradition but the very meaningfulness of the questions to which tradition provided the answers. A "good life" has thus come to signify a satisfactory "life style"—just another commodity that capitalism, in its affluence and generosity, makes available in a thousand assorted varieties, to suit a thousand tastes.

Socialism can be seen, in retrospect, to have been a kind of rebellion against the possibilities of nihilism inherent in the bourgeois Protestant principle—an effort, within the framework of modernity, to reconstruct a political community that would withstand the corruptions of modernity itself. To call it a "secular religion" is not far off the mark, and most of the original "utopian" socialists would have found nothing arguable in this ascription. The Saint-Simonians, as we know, very consciously set out to establish a post-Christian religion that preserved the best of Christianity as they understood it. All the utopian-socialist communities had a religious core—at the very least a "religion of humanity" into whose values young people were indoctrinated. To challenge or criticize those values, and the way of life associated with them, was to risk immediate expulsion. In our own time, the Israeli kibbutz can remind us of what a socialist community, in the original sense, was supposed to be like.

This "utopian" socialism was not really "utopian" at all. Indeed, it is the only kind of socialism that has ever worked. The trouble is that it can only work under certain very restricted conditions. (1) The people who set out to create a socialist community must sincerely subscribe to socialist beliefs. (2) They must be satisfied with a *small* community—otherwise there will be division of labor, bureaucracy, social classes, in short a "society" rather than a community. And (3) they must be fairly indifferent to material goods, so that a *voluntary* equality will easily prevail. In circumstances such as these, socialist communities "work," in the sense of continuing to exist and continuing to hold on to the loyalties of a new generation as well as those of the founding members. They work most effectively, as historians of socialism are fond of pointing out, when the religious core is strongest, because then the shared values are most successfully affirmed and reaffirmed. It is no accident, after all, that the Greek *polis*—the model of political community—neither believed in nor practiced religious toleration, to say nothing of religious pluralism.

But this kind of socialism has always been marginal to socialist history, which had much larger ambitions. The "Scientific socialism" of Marx and his followers—whether they defined themselves as "orthodox" Marxists, "neo"-Marxists, "revisionist" Marxists, or whatever—aimed to transform all of society, and quickly. It derided the idea of slowly converting people to a belief in socialism, until these people formed a majority. Similarly, it contemptuously rejected the notion of creating model socialist communities within the womb of capitalist society—as say, the early Christians created their own exemplary communities throughout the Roman empire. Though the moral and spiritual impetus toward socialism may have been derived—and is still largely derived—from a profound sense of the inadequacy of modernity to satisfy the yearnings for political community, post-utopian socialism itself has become a modernist political doctrine. This is true of both the Communist and social-democratic versions of "scientific socialism," each of which, in its own way, takes a "managerial" and manipulative approach to politics, and tries to create a new political community through the actions of government upon an unenlightened and recalcitrant populace.

The crucial difference between "scientific" socialism and "utopian" socialism lay in their attitude toward economic growth and material prosperity. The "utopians" were not much interested in affluence, as we have come to understand that term—i.e., an ever increasing amount and variety of consumers' goods made available to an ever increasing proportion of the population. They were by no means Spartan in their conception of a good community. They *did* expect to abolish poverty and to achieve a decent degree of material comfort, which would be equally shared. But their conception of a "decent" standard of living was, by twentieth-century standards, quite modest. This modesty was a matter of principle: being community-oriented rather than individual-oriented, "utopian" socialism saw no merit in the constant excitation of individual appetites, which would inevitably place severe strains on the bonds of community. The main function

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of the socialist community, as they conceived it, was to produce a socialist type of individual—persons who had transcended the vulgar, materialistic, and divisive acquisitiveness that characterized the capitalist type of individual. Here again, the Israeli kibbutz gives us an insight into the "utopian" intention. The kibbutz aims to satisfy all the basic economic needs of the community, and even to achieve a pleasing level of comfort for its membership. But "affluence," in the sense of widespread individual possession of such "luxuries" as automobiles, television sets, hi-fi radios and record players, freezers and refrigerators, travel abroad, etc., is solemnly regarded as a political threat, to be coped with cautiously and prudently.

"Scientific socialism," in contrast, denounced capitalism for failing to produce the society of abundance made possible by modern technology, and mocked at "utopian" socialism for wishing to curb "needs" rather than satisfying them copiously. This approach made it possible for "scientific" socialism to become the basis of a mass movement, since it pandered so explicitly to the mass appetites excited—but also, to some degree, at any particular moment, frustrated—by capitalism. The political mass movements that had socialist goals then divided into two kinds: those which thought a liberal parliamentary democracy should be preserved within a socialist community, and those which thought this both unrealistic and undesirable. In the twentieth century, both these movements succeeded in establishing themselves as the governments of major nations. And in all such instances the end result has been frustration and disillusionment.

In the case of totalitarian socialism—that current of socialist thought for which Lenin stands to Marx as St. Paul did to Jesus—the frustration has been absolute and definitive. Central economic planning of a rigorous kind has demonstrated a radical incapacity to cope with a complex industrialized economy and urbanized society. Obviously, the central planners can do certain things—i.e., build steel mills or dams or armament factories. But the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt could boast of comparable achievements—there is nothing "socialist" about the ability of an all-powerful state to get certain things done. What the central planners of the Soviet Union clearly cannot do is to create an "affluent" society in which its citizens would have a standard of living on the level of that of Western Europe and America. The immense bureaucracy involved in such planning simply cannot compete with the free market as an efficient mechanism for allocating resources, nor is bureaucratic caution able to substitute for entrepreneurial risk-taking as a mechanism of innovation and economic growth.

Yet a Western standard of "affluence" is precisely what the Soviet citizens want. These citizens were never "socialists" in any meaningful sense of that term, nor have sixty years of Communist rule succeeded in making them such. In the earlier decades of the Soviet regime there was a lot of windy talk about "the new Soviet man" who would emerge from "the Soviet experiment." One hears little such prattle today, even from official Soviet sources. Soviet Communism is a pseudo-religion, and the Soviet government is a pseudo-theocracy, which, even after decades of coercion and terror, has been pitifully unable to effect any kind of mass conversion to socialist beliefs. As has been noted, there are no socialist intellectuals in the Soviet Union—only an increasing number of anti-socialist intellectuals. The effort to create a socialist society that would be more prosperous, more "affluent," than a capitalist one, while creating a socialist citizenry through unremitting *force majeure*, has been a disastrous failure. "Managerial" socialism has turned out to be far more utopian than "utopian" socialism.

The same destiny has awaited the non-Leninist, social-democratic version of "managerial" socialism. Where one can claim success for it, it is a success that is a kind of failure in socialist terms. Such is the case of Sweden, after decades of social-democratic government. It has been a prosperous country, with a healthy economy and a stable society—but its economy and society can be fairly described as "mixed," i.e., half-private-capitalism, half-state-capitalism. Those Swedes who still think of themselves as socialists are intensely dissatisfied with this state of affairs, and are constantly urging the government toward greater state control and a more egalitarian distribution of income. Since the Swedish Social Democrats are still officially committed to the socialist ideal, they find it impossible to resist this ideological pressure. The drift is unremittingly toward the "left," and will remain so, as long as the Social Democrats are in office. The consequences for the Swedish economy are entirely predictable: slower economic growth, higher inflation, lower productivity—all amidst increasing popular discontent. That discontent will not be calmed by a more punitive and egalitarian tax system. Egalitarianism, in Sweden, does not reflect any sincere personal commitment on the part of the Swedish people to the ideal of equality. It is, rather, a strategy whereby organized labor on the one hand, and the state bureaucracy on the other, receive an ever-increasing share of the national income and of political power. This appetite will not be appeased by a more equal distribution of income or wealth. The demand for "more"—not for "more equal" but for "more"—will feed upon itself, until an economic, and eventually political, crisis will either create an authoritarian regime that copes with discontent by repressing it or provoke a reversion to a more liberal-capitalist economic order.

In a sense, Great Britain represents Sweden's "socialist" future. Though Britain's movement toward "socialism" came much later than Sweden's, and though some of the more conservative British socialists still talk as if a Swedish condition was the ultimate ideal they were striving for, the British impulse has been more powerful, less controllable, less deferential toward economic realities. There has been more nationalization of industry in Britain, the trade unions are far more belligerent, the "left" socialists—the ideological fanatics who redouble their socialist efforts as the socialist ends fade into unreality—are more influential. The consequences for the British economy have been disastrous—Britain now vies with Italy for the title, "the sick man of "Europe"—and there have been no discernible compensating improvements in the British social and political order. No one even seriously claims that the British people are in any sense "happier" as a result of their socialist experiences. Indeed, all the objective indices of social pathology—crime, juvenile delinquency, corruption, ethnic dissent, emigration, etc.—show steady increases.

It is hard to believe that Britain will simply continue on this downward course. The British love of liberty is still strong, the British liberal political tradition still possesses a large degree of popular acceptance, the British people as a whole are still more reliant on common sense than they are enamored of political fantasies. It is reasonable to expect that the Labour government will be succeeded by a Conservative government, and the British experience with socialism will be followed by a "reactionary" affirmation of the principles of liberal capitalism. But then the issue will be posed anew: what can a liberal capitalist society do to inoculate itself against a resurgence of anti-capitalist dissent?

We now know part of that answer. One of the things that can be done is to design all measures of "social welfare" so as to maintain the largest degree of individual choice. The demand for a "welfare state" is, on the part of the majority of the people, a demand for a greater minimum of political community, for more "social justice" (i.e. distributive justice), than capitalism, in its pristine, individualistic form, can provide. It is not at all a demand for "socialism" or anything like it. Nor is it really a demand for intrusive government by a

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powerful and ubiquitous bureaucracy—though that is how socialists and neo-socialists prefer to interpret it. Practically all of the truly popular and widespread support for a "welfare state" would be satisfied by a mixture of voluntary and compulsory insurance schemes—old-age insurance, disability insurance, unemployment insurance, medical insurance—that are reasonably (if not perfectly) compatible with a liberal capitalist society. Over the past quarter century, a host of "conservative" and "neo-conservative" economists and social critics have showed us how such mechanisms could and would work, and their intellectual victory over earlier "Fabian" conceptions of social reform has been decisive. The problem, at the moment, is to persuade the business community and the "conservative" (i.e., anti-socialist) political parties of their practicality. Not an easy mission, but not in principle an intractable one.

Other problems indigenous to a liberal capitalist society are still virgin territory so far as constructive theory is concerned. What, for instance, shall we do about the government of those most peculiar capitalist institutions, the large corporations—bureaucratic (and, in a sense, "collectivist") versions of capitalist enterprise that Adam Smith would surely have detested? And, even more important, what can a liberal capitalist society do about the decline of religious beliefs and traditional values—a decline organically rooted in liberal capitalism's conception of this realm as an essentially "private affair" neither needing nor meriting public sanction? These and other questions will continue to make any "counter-reformation" on the part of liberal capitalism an exceedingly fragile enterprise. But they will have to be answered if the death of socialism is not simply to mean a general disintegration into political pseudo-socialist forms whose only common element is a repudiation, in the name of "equality," of individual liberty as a prime political value.

As Cardinal Newman once observed, it is not too hard to show the flaws in any system of thought, religious or political, but an erroneous idea can be expelled from the mind only by the active presence of another idea. The dead idea of socialism is now putrifying both the world's mind and the world's body. It has to be removed and buried—with appropriate honors if that will help. Ironically, only liberal capitalism can perform that funereal task.

Joseph P. Duggan

Shine On, Sun Myung Moon

Korean industrialist, impresario, and would-be Messiah, Sun Myung Moon employs anti-Communism, old-fashioned revivalism, and a powerful public relations machine to build a bizarre—and highly controversial—cult.

The scene is the Washington Monument. The date, September 18. The event, the "Bicentennial God Bless America Festival." A gawking throng gathers between the sweeping arcs of flags and bunting. The New Hope Singers perform, swelling with bland energy reminiscent of "Up With People." The program continues with Sunburst, described as a "folk-gospel" group. Like the New Hope Singers, Sunburst's men wear ruffled shirts and butterfly-bow ties, holding neutral ground between formal and hip; the women are garbed in ankle-length white dresses. A folk ballet follows, then fireworks. At last the time arrives for the main event—a fiery chastening delivered in ringing Korean and translated, paragraph-by-paragraph, into the halting English of a retired Korean army officer. The crowd reacts with ambivalence: some stand reverently, awe-struck; others are plainly bewildered. The *primum mobile* around which all this hubbub spins is the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, known to his devoted followers as Lord of the Second Advent.

For Sun Myung Moon it has been a long and determined journey to this eccentric setting beneath Washington's obelisk. Born to a Presbyterian family in northern Korea in 1920, Moon showed early aspirations for saintly celebrity. "When I was 12 years old," he recalls, "I started praying for extraordinary things. I asked for wisdom greater than Solomon's, for faith greater than the Apostle Paul's and for love greater than the love Jesus had." Apparently it was not long, then, before God took notice of young Moon and accorded him the divine appointment he had so avidly sought. On Easter morning of 1936, he claims, Jesus appeared to him and asked him to establish God's kingdom on earth. Hesitant at first, Moon agreed to the solemn task. Over the next nine years, with the advice and assistance of such luminaries as Moses, Buddha, and Jesus, and with a direct line of communication with God, Moon received and synthesized the revelation later to be published as *Divine Principle*.

Moon's newly-proclaimed revelations incurred him excommunication by the Presbyterian Church, and in 1954 he launched the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity—better known to Koreans as the Unification Cult, or to Americans by the more dignified "Unification Church." During the following decade, as Moon's missionary zeal won converts to the new sect, his business acumen built for him a sizable industrial fortune—the sale of manufactured goods ranging from munitions to ginseng tea yielding an estimated $15 million annually. By 1965 Moon was prepared to journey to America, or as he calls it, the new Promised Land.

To understand how America attains most-favored-nation status in Moon's economy of salvation, it is necessary to rehearse the whole of biblical and secular history as revised and amended in *Divine Principle*. In the beginning, God created Adam and Eve sinless and ordained that they procreate to establish a perfect race. Satan foiled the plan by seducing Eve, thus polluting the human bloodline. The people of Israel were next chosen to pave the way for the coming of God's son, Jesus Christ. But Christ renounced an earthly kingdom and died on a cross without ever marrying and founding the perfect race.

That would be the whole gloomy story had not God announced to Sun Myung Moon that Christ was not his *only* son. As it happens, says Moon, a new messiah is abroad in the land at this very hour, preparing to set up God's kingdom on earth—a peaceful world-family, commingling East and West. The nation chosen

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to wage the expected battle with the powers of darkness is America. And the messiah? Moon's dogmatic literature withholds his name, but on close examination it reveals that he was born in Korea *circa* 1920.

Moon's coy claim to the messiah's throne has placed him in suspicion by the more orthodox churchmen, but for sheer innovation in theology, he deserves the envy of trendy divines. In Moon's heaven the Christian trinitarian God gives way to an Oriental dualistic Godhead. The "polarity of God" (to use Moon's expression) sets opposing forces of male and female within the same divine person. Moon anthropomorphizes his God sparingly; perhaps he reckons the male-female personage a sticky wicket. But his God does appear as a curiously limited being, susceptible to the current *Weltschmerz*, alienation. Time and again God is shown pained and anxious, an exiled monarch waiting for a *Cid* to drive out the usurpers and restore His reign. "I received a revelation through which I learned that God's grief is great," declares Moon. "His heart is broken....He needs His champion to succeed in [His] work."

God's chief antagonist, according to Moon, is Leftism, especially its more virulent strain, Communism. "Why do we call the democratic faction in politics 'right,' and the Communist faction 'left?' " muses Moon. "This was already determined at the time of Jesus' crucifixion," he reports and goes on to explain with dumbfounding simplicity: "The thief crucified on Jesus' right side foreshadowed the democratic world, and the thief crucified on Jesus' left side represented the Communist world."

The catalogue of far-fetched exegeses could go on and on. But there is Moon's movement to consider, and there are his followers—and ex-followers.

The Unification Church conducts its missionary work almost exclusively among young people—the average age of a "Moonie" is 24. Typically, a disoriented young person responds to the warm invitation of the Moonie proselyte and accepts the embrace of the communal "family." The novice then agrees to attend a session of intense "training" at Barrytown, New York, or one of several other regional centers. As a full-fledged member, or "Pioneer," he returns to an austere communal life with a rigorous work schedule—up to 16 hours a day proselytizing and selling candy or flowers to benefit the church.

One such convert was Allen Tate Wood. Wood joined the Unification Church in 1969 at Berkeley, California, after leaving school at Sewanee, Tennessee, and hitchhiking in what he described as a "spiritual search." "There were only about 120 members in the United States at that time," Wood recalls. Wood rose quickly in the hierarchy, and by early 1971 he was assigned to organize a commune at the University of Maryland. "A year later, we bought a big house out in the country at Upper Marlboro," he recalls, "and we started a candle factory. We'd sell the candles to the church at cost, and the church would sell them at 300 or 400 percent profit door-to-door." In 1972 and 1973, Wood estimates, his commune produced candles worth $1.3 million to the church.

Wood and the other members of the Maryland commune, by January 1974 quite skeptical of the Unification doctrine, left the church. Today Wood is completing studies in clinical psychology at Rutgers University. "The essential thing about the Unification movement," he claims, "is that whatever it does, it does to gain power or money and to exalt Moon—whether it's by anti-Communism or ecology. But the real danger in the Unification Church is that it really absorbs the best in the person who joins. That's the temptation of all millennialist movements. After you've been through something like this, it's very difficult to resume an active spiritual life."

Since 1974 the Unification Church has grown remarkably—a conservative estimate of the membership is 5,000; some church spokesmen claim as many as 30,000—and it is caught amid a swirl of legal controversy. Parents of young Moonies have formed at least two national organizations seeking recourse against what they charge is coerced estrangement from their children. Sen. Robert Dole of Kansas made available the Senate Caucus Room and presided over an informal meeting for concerned parents last February 18. At that meeting a common accusation from the parents and ex-Moonies was that the rigors of Unification initiates' training amount to "brainwashing." Witnesses pointed to enforced lack of sleep, a poor diet, restricted communication between members and their families, and insistence on the part of church superiors that efforts by parents to lead their children away were "satanic."

Like any other sect in America, the Unification Church enjoys the Constitutional guarantee to free exercise. In some countries without that protection, the church has not fared so well. In Taiwan, for instance, the Kuomintang government last year banned all activities of the Unification Church—remarkably in spite of Moon's vigorous anti-Communism. In its order, the Taiwanese Executive Yuan (Cabinet) cited the church for "offending good customs and social stability, [being] detrimental to the health of the people's body and mind, and opposing seriously the Chinese traditional ethics."

Meanwhile some American parents have taken a more drastic course—abducting their children from Unification Church centers and having them "deprogrammed" by Ted Patrick, who has devised a counter-approach to the alleged "brainwashing." The tactic is not always successful. The subject of one attempted "deprogramming," Wendy Helender of Guilford, Connecticut, slipped back into the Unification fold. When her parents sued the church to regain custody of their daughter, a District of Columbia Superior Court dismissed the case, finding insufficient evidence that the church had employed "any techniques substantially different from those which are used by other organizations for purposes of converting or proselytizing." In Minneapolis, Dorothy Percic, a Unification Church member, is suing her parents and two brothers for damages, charging they held her captive for 26 days while trying to break her ties with the sect.* Yet among those successfully deprogrammed, there are expressions of gratitude for regained freedom. Said Margaret Finger, of Larned, Kansas, after Ted Patrick's treatment, "He made me think for myself again."

While the battle continues between angered parents and the Unification Church, Sun Myung Moon moves on to other projects, equipped with seemingly endless resources of money and audacity. His well-promoted activities have brought him into alliances with leading anti-Communists in and out of government, with respected academics from Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish theological faculties, and even with Nobel laureates.

The Freedom Leadership Foundation of Washington, D.C. is a tax-exempt educational organization "dedicated to developing the standards of leadership necessary to advance the cause of freedom in the struggle against Communism." FLF publishes a well-produced fortnightly, *The Rising Tide*, reprinting anti-Communist articles from social-democrat groups such as the Youth Institute for Peace in the Middle East and conservative organizations such as the American Security Council. But *The Rising Tide*

*While "deprogramming" may be a relatively new addition to our vocabulary, the practice is not without historical antecedent. When young Thomas Aquinas, against the wishes of his parents, joined the Dominican friars, his brothers abducted him, locked him up in a castle, and even offered the voluptuous allures of a courtesan as inducement to renounce his religious "folly."

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also gives a great deal of coverage to the anti-Communist statements of Sun Myung Moon; moreover, its masthead lists Moon as founder and Neil A. Salonen as president of the FLF. Moon, of course, is also the founder of the Unification Church, and Salonen its president.

Asked about the FLF, leaders of some conservative and anti-Communist groups acknowledged co-operative activities and seemed untroubled that nearly all of the FLF members were at the same time "Moonies." "They seemed clean-cut, refreshing," said the head of a Catholic anti-Communist organization. "They've been very co-operative in bringing out hundreds of clean-cut young people for responsible anti-Communist activities," remarked a former organizer for the Young Republican National Federation. But Moon and his movement have encountered some opposition on the Right. Writing in the conservative Catholic weekly, *The Wanderer*, Rev. Raymond de Jaegher denounced Moon's activities as subversive of the family, and he warned of the incompatibility of Moon's teachings with Christian doctrine.

Another tax-exempt foundation established by Moon is the International Cultural Foundation. Last November the ICF spent $400,000 to attract eminent natural and social scientists to the International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences, held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. As honorary chairman, Nobel laureate Robert Mulliken headed an impressive organizing committee. When word of Moon's other controversial activities was circulated among participants, economist Kenneth Boulding and sociologist Amitai Etzioni withdrew as "section chairmen"; Norman Cousins and Buckminster Fuller also asked to be dropped from the program. But Nobelist Eugene Wigner of Princeton University and Morton Kaplan of the University of Chicago, among others, remained on as "section chairmen," and the 350-odd participants deemed the conference a moderate success without undue intrusion of ideology or Unification dogma.

Nine months ago, a federal charter was granted to establish the Diplomat National Bank in Washington, D.C. The new bank, which aims to appeal to an Oriental clientele, listed among its founders investigative columnist Jack Anderson, CBS News reporter Connie Chung, and a well-known Washington karate school operator, Jhoon Rhee. This summer a subcommittee of the House Committee on International Relations asked federal agents to investigate reports that Sun Myung Moon had secretly gained control of the bank. Rhee, a popular figure on Capitol Hill whose karate students include Representatives James W. Symington and Richard H. Ichord of Missouri and Sen. Quentin Burdick of North Dakota, apparently sold his interest in the bank to Moon and a number of top church leaders. At subcommittee hearings in June, chairman Rep. Donald M. Fraser of Minnesota sought evidence establishing a link between Moon's activities and the confusing web of alleged espionage in this country on the part of the South Korean Central Intelligence Agency, but the testimony was inconclusive.

Warren Lewis is, by his own account, a communicant in the "right-wing branch of the Disciples of Christ," the Church of Christ. His intellectual thirst led him from undergraduate work at Abilene Christian College on the arid plains of west Texas to advanced studies at the (Catholic) Pontifical Institute for Mediaeval Studies at the University of Toronto, to Harvard Divinity School, and finally, to Germany and the University of Tuebingen, where he took his doctorate from the Protestant faculty. Last fall, Lewis accepted an appointment to teach church history at the newly-opened Unification Theological Seminary at Barrytown, New York.

What brought Warren Lewis to Barrytown and the stormy center of the Unification Church? "Well," he drawls, "it was a mighty fine offer of a job. The pay is good." (Indeed it is. Martin Marty of the University of Chicago reports that the Unification seminary's prospectus offered starting salaries up to $20,000—quite a bit above scale in today's depressed academic market.) Employment opportunities were also attractive enough to bring three Catholic priests, a rabbi, a minister of the Reformed Church of America, and a Greek Orthodox communicant—all with doctorates from prominent institutions—to the Unification faculty.

Asked for his views on Moon and his teachings, Warren Lewis speaks candidly and with a relaxed historical perspective. "My special area of interest in church history has been that of heretical sectarian movements," he remarks, "and when I first came to Barrytown I told Mr. Moon, 'You are the outstanding heretical sectarian of our time.' " But Lewis hastens to add, "These people [Moon and his associates] are no fools. Theirs is a serious movement. I think that Moon is the Joe Smith of the twentieth century. Sure, he's a heretic. But so were Luther and Zwingli." Lewis shows a keen imagination in his choice of historical examples. He likens, for instance, Moon's blend of Oriental philosophy and millennialism to Augustine's synthesis of neo-platonism and Christian doctrine. "Moon is a neo-mediaeval in that he wishes to reunite science and faith, religion and politics," Lewis says.

Apparently the heat of controversy surrounding Moon's church has already given his new seminary faculty a hot foot or two. "I ruin every party I go to these days," says Lewis. "All they want to talk about is the Moon thing. And I'm at open war with the Hitchcock Presbyterian Church in White Plains." (White Plains, New York is the headquarters of one of the national parents' organizations opposing Moon.) Rev. Francis Elmo, associate professor of religious education, remains a priest of the Catholic Archdiocese of New York, but has been given a leave of absence by Cardinal Cooke. And Dr. Thomas Boslooper, professor of bibilical studies, an ordained minister in the Reformed Church of America, is now under investigation by his denomination's National Theological Commission. "The bad publicity in connection with Moon is not to our liking," says Earl Winters, secretary of the Reformed Church's New Jersey Synod. "If we get the decision we anticipate, we will ask Boslooper to leave [the Unification seminary] and he will leave."

What does the future hold for this remarkable movement, Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church? There are, it seems, three scenarios: (1) that Moon's prophecies and messianic claims are true and that the last days are upon us—a consideration surely as stunning as a hail of brimstone; (2) that the movement will not last long after the passing of Moon and the disbursement of his estate; or (3) that the cult will be co-opted as a "respectable" American denomination.

The third option seems the most likely to prevail, for notwithstanding—and perhaps in jaded reaction to—the rise of secularism, America remains fertile soil for new and ever more improbable cults. Who would have imagined, back in the lean years, that Mrs. Eddy's spiritual heirs would acquire the prosperous bourgeois paunch they wear today? And who would have thought the same of Joe Smith's bedraggled Mormon followers?

Thus, despite its exotic origins, the Unification Church measures up to many of the marks of a homegrown American civil religion: the unabashed patriotism, the militant anti-Communism, and—especially appealing to the Yankee Puritan tradition—the notion of America as the new Israel. The public scorn and government harassment confronting the Unification Church is trifling compared with that which the Mormons faced and overcame. And even if millennial expectations go unfulfilled, the Moonies can rely on the salutary forgetfulness of the Americans; the Watchtower Society (a.k.a. Jehovah's Witnesses), for instance, has thrived now for nearly 60 years with the slogan, "Millions Now Living Will Never Die." It should come as no surprise, then, if the Republic endures, to see Sun Moon's successor 100 years from now, hailing the Tercentenary and imminently awaiting the Millennium. □

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Vic Gold

An Open Letter to Spiro Agnew—Wherever You Are

Has some malicious blatherer usurped the name of Spiro Agnew? The former Vice President was always a strong supporter of Israel, but now he has put out a fatuous anti-Israel newsletter that might as well have been written in Libya or Moscow — and perhaps was. Vic Gold, once Agnew's press secretary, directs some pointed questions to the man he worked for and admired.

Dear Pathfinder:

Please excuse my use of your former Secret Service code name, but after several recent confrontations, in print and on the tube, with an impostor who looks, sounds, and even dresses like you, down to the last polysyllable and pinstripe, this seems to be the only way I might possibly get through to the Vice President Spiro Agnew I once knew and admired.

Of course, there's always the chance that the Agnew I knew from 1970 to 1973 and the fatuous *persona* currently spouting the Soviet line on Middle Eastern affairs—e.g. criticizing the U.S. for not supporting Third World anti-Israel resolutions in the UN—are one and the same. I find that difficult to believe, but less sentimental people around me don't.

For example, there is my 20-year-old daughter Paige. You may remember Paige. She's the daughter who worked as a volunteer for CREEP in 1972, passing out Nixon-Agnew literature and defending you when the teenage children of our limousine liberal neighbors said you were a racial-religious bigot.

Now, for some odd reason, the kid is turned off on Republicans. But that's another story. What is pertinent here is that Paige recently picked up a copy of an educational newsletter called *Memoranda*, which bears your signature, and she directed my attention to that Middle East editorial. It read like pro-Soviet boilerplate, the kind of pap *Tass* has been putting out since 1948.

"This," I say, "is definitely not the work of Spiro Agnew, the former Vice President. Not the man who was applauded by the Religious Zionists of America in 1972 as a 'True Friend of Israel.' No. This is some impostor. Definitely, an impostor."

"Look," my daughter replies, pointing to your picture and signature above the boilerplate. "See for yourself."

I look. "A plausible forgery," I insist, "but a forgery nonetheless. The fact is that Spiro Agnew is *pro*-Israel. He even spoke at an Israel bond dinner four years ago. And let me remind you, no matter what his critics claimed, Agnew was always a man who said what he believed. No pulled punches. I repeat: this is an impostor."

"Dad," Paige replies, "you remind me of those knee-jerk Kennedyites you're always criticizing. The ones you say will believe anything Kennedy hands out. I tell you, this *is* Spiro Agnew. One-and-the-same. He's just sold out again. That's all."

"Sold out to the Russians?" I ask, half-leaping from my chair. "*That*, young lady, is an outrageous suggestion."

"It certainly would be," says Paige, now flipping the station tuner on the TV set. "But I never said Agnew sold out to the *Russians*. Just that he's following the Soviet line. Besides, the Russians don't deal in dollars, and who ever heard of anyone, this side of the ocean, taking *rubles* in a plain brown envelope?"

"Bitter, bitter," I answer. "Why should a child your age be so cynical? Believe me, I *know* Spiro Agnew, and he would *never*—"

"Look, dad, a man who would tell an audience of people who believe in him, 'I will not resign if indicted' on Saturday, then cop a plea three days later, that kind of politician will do *anything*."

"You're being unfair to the man," I reply. "There's more to the story than that."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the Vice President—that is, the former Vice President—*says* there's more to the story. He had a good reason for doing what he did."

"What possible reason would lead a Vice President of the United States—a man supposed to have guts and principle—to resign, *unless he was guilty*?"

"Watch your language," I admonish. "He didn't plead *guilty*. The Vice President pleaded *nolo contendere*. There's a difference. The whole story will come out some day."

My daughter shakes her head, obviously still not getting the point. I tell you, Pathfinder, kids nowadays aren't up to speed on the subtleties of jurisprudence. It's all because of that damned educational permissiveness you used to warn against.

"Does *nolo whatever-it-is*," Paige asks, "Does that mean he pleaded innocent?"

"No," I reply, clearing my throat, "it simply means—"

Now, at precisely that point in the conversation the TV tube warms up and there is this impostor (incredible how well he has your mannerisms down) talking to an interviewer: "I am not a bigot," he is saying. "It's just that I think it was a mistake to create the State of Israel. And I believe that the American press is Zionist-controlled. And I think that—"

"You know what *I* think?" my daughter interrupts, turning down the TV volume on this Agnew impersonator. "I think the former Vice President has suddenly become a big authority on the Middle East for the same reason Willie Sutton used to rob banks."

"Meaning *what?*" I challenge.

"Meaning, *because that's where the money is*, the Arab money. You know, Agnew could have become vitally interested in Southeast Asia if he wanted to re-enter public life discussing foreign policy. Which, by the way, I don't think he has any right to do."

"*A-ha*!" I say, knowing I've finally trapped her in an indefensible position. "So it comes out. You don't think Spiro Agnew even has a right to express his opinion. And you call yourself open-minded! *Everybody* has a right to express an opinion—and don't you forget it."

"Oh, I haven't," she replies. "All I'm saying is that before Agnew has a right to lecture anybody on foreign policy he ought to answer the question of why he resigned. You know the line: *With every right there goes a responsibility*. Isn't that what he used to say?" →

Vic Gold served as press secretary to Vice President Spiro T. Agnew and as assistant press secretary to Barry Goldwater during his 1964 Presidential campaign. He is currently working on his second book, Super Tuesday, *the story of public relations flackery in the 1976 campaign.*

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"Mr. Agnew," I repeat, "will tell the full story of why he resigned *in time*."

"But why not *now*? If he isn't interested in answering questions about his own *integrity*, why should anybody listen to him on any other issue? First-things-first."

Now, frankly, Pathfinder, what the kid said there has a certain inner logic. The kind we used to admire you for back in the good old days. Which makes me all the more convinced that the fork-tongued, fuzzy-minded guy writing and popping off on the tube is a ringer. And all the more anxious that, wherever you are, the real Spiro Agnew will be heard from soon. Telling us why you told those ladies you didn't intend to resign, and why, in the vernacular of my daughter, you copped a plea three days later.

Give it to us straight, Pathfinder—the way you always said you would. And by all means, do something about that Red-lining, UN-loving charlatan who's trying to raise money from honest conservatives through his phoney, pro-Arab front, Education for Democracy.

Sincerely,
Vic Gold

William E. Simon

The Business of America is Honest Competition

Businessmen who cheat or bribe are not only contemptible. They also attack the very heart of our free-enterprise system.

If apologists for corporate corruption are to be taken at their word, dishonesty is the best policy. Rigorous business ethics may be commendable from a moral point of view, they will tell you, but honesty interferes with the rough-and-tumble competition of the free market. The ethical businessman, according to advocates of corporate corner-cutting, is at an automatic competitive disadvantage; business ethics are a luxury, if not a liability.

Baloney. As Benjamin Franklin once observed, "If the rascals knew the advantages of virtue, they would become honest men out of rascality." In the long run, honesty is not only the best business policy, but the *only* one compatible with the free market and open competition. Corruption, whether it involves bribes to secure overseas government contracts, illegal contributions to political candidates here at home, or any other form of graft or payola, hampers the efficient functioning of the market place. It results in higher prices, lessened responsiveness to the consumer, and lower quality of goods and services. On these clear-cut, practical grounds, business corruption is *inefficient* and business ethics are efficient.

There are also overwhelming moral grounds for a strong business ethic. History teaches us that no free society or free economy can long survive *without* an ethical base. It is only through a shared moral foundation—a set of binding ground rules for fair conduct—that free associations, be they social, diplomatic, or commercial, can flourish and endure.

In our era, when the main political struggle is between controlled societies and free ones (and, on the economic front, between controlled economies and free ones), nothing is more vital to the survival of our economic way of life than a rigorous free-enterprise ethic and business leaders with the courage and energy to stand up for it.

No one is more aware of this than the opponents of free enterprise. Advocates of a state-controlled economy, whether they are Communists, fascists, or democratic socialists, base their own position on an ethical view, though a mistaken one. Their economic philosophy is deliberately linked to a general philosophy of life, for, to the "true believer," socialism and Marxism are not merely economic formulas, but all-embracing world views—kinds of temporal religion.

Their systems do not work as well as free enterprise, but, like all religious devotees, they are willing to suffer and sacrifice for their beliefs. Instead of automatically weakening their faith, adversity may even fortify it as long as they *believe* and as long as they feel that their belief is anchored to something of moral worth.

Those of us on the side of economic freedom are not so fortunate. American free enterprise has consistently outperformed Marxism and socialism from the beginning, and continues to do so today. Any objective evaluation of economic performance clearly illustrates the United States' superior record in both economic output and the equitable distribution of economic benefits. Nevertheless, American free enterprise today is in serious danger of failing as a *belief*. The ethical and philosophic underpinnings of capitalism have not been thought out, articulated, and then disseminated to the millions of average citizens who enjoy the direct material benefits and the indirect spiritual and political benefits our system provides.

Part, but not all, of the problem is a matter of image. Frequently, and especially to youthful idealists, those who support a state-dominated economic system are perceived as concerned, socially progressive men and women who "care"—as the humane champions of the underdog. And, often enough, they really are the only ones who have effectively *communicated* their concern for social issues. It is the private sector which ultimately supplies new jobs and creates the material means for raising living standards, but the private sector seldom receives (and hardly ever demonstrates its claim to) credit from the man in the street.

Quite the contrary. Supporters of free enterprise are dismissed either as outdated theorists or as selfish opportunists concerned only with personal gain and preserving the status

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William E. Simon is Secretary of the Treasury. This article is adapted from an essay in The Ethical Basis of Economic Freedom, *a 428-page book edited by Ivan Hill, and available for $12.50 from American Viewpoint, University Square, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514.*

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quo. To make matters worse, surface appearances often tend to confirm this impression, wrong though it is. Each new case of corporate graft, every new business scandal, further blackens the already tarnished image of American business. And when this happens, and the call for more government interference goes up, the innocent majority of businessmen suffer along with the guilty minority.

No one, then, has a stronger motive for stamping out unethical practices than the honest businessman, whether he runs the corner drugstore or a multi-billion-dollar conglomerate. Yet, through their own blind complacency many honest businessmen still either ignore the problem or respond to it with shallow cliches.

Be Done with Babble

Businessmen can babble about the free-enterprise system until they are blue in the face, but it still won't mean anything to those who do not understand the system behind the label, or those who have come to distrust the advocates of the system.

So one of our challenges is education—education of the public at large and greater self-understanding within the business community itself. One of the best ways to teach the pros and cons of any system is to compare it with the available alternatives. Most Americans never have been and, let us hope, never will be forced to experience first-hand what it means to llve in a country where economic freedom has been destroyed or severely limited; yet, if our system is to survive, our people must have a basis for comparison on both material and moral grounds. This *can* be achieved through education but, so far, it has not been. Today, when considering the merits of the free-enterprise system, most Americans simply do not have a valid standard for comparison.

They have never witnessed the long lines of workers and housewives who have to queue up for hours outside state-owned food and department stores in order to buy a poor selection of overpriced food staples and state-manufactured clothing and merchandise.

They do not realize what a miracle of variety, economy, and productive competition the average American shopping center would represent to most of the earth's people.

They have never asked themselves why a country like the Soviet Union, with some of the largest, richest tracts of grainland in the world, but with a government-owned and -run agricultural system, cannot even feed its own people; instead it must turn to American farmers who own their own land, make their own economic decisions, and feed not only their own people, but millions of others as well.

They have not had to suffer the loss of opportunity, the social unrest, and the economic instability of democratic countries like Italy, which has chosen to nationalize 47 percent of its industries, or Great Britain, where the post-war years of cradle-to-grave welfare and government stifling of private initiative have led to economic stagnation and the demoralization and mass emigration of the productive middle class.

Too often they have been taught to distrust the very word profit, and the profit motive that makes our prosperity possible, to feel that our system, which has done more to alleviate human suffering and privation than any other, is somehow cynical, selfish, and immoral.

And, of course, they have never lived in the countries where the seemingly unselfish and idealistic dream of a non-profit, propertyless society has turned into a nightmare reality—where the state and the state alone dictates what kind of education you will receive; whether you will be allowed to travel; what books you can read; what kind of job you have; what you will be paid; what merchandise you can buy with your earnings; where you will live; what medical treatment you will receive; what your children will be taught; and, ultimately, where you will be buried.

The free-enterprise system denies us none of these personal decisions. But today it is losing the semantic war to an alien philosophy of government control that somehow has managed to preserve an aura of idealism, altruism, and ethical soundness, at least when viewed without detailed knowledge and from a comfortable distance.

So the first part of the challenge for American capitalism is clear. We must get across the human side of capitalism, the fact that free enterprise has been and continues to be a force for human good and, in its correct application, an extension of our Judeo-Christian spiritual and ethical tradition.

This can be done very effectively, but not until American capitalism does some soul-searching and internal housecleaning of its own, until the business community becomes as concerned about corruption, bribes, and the need for ethical behavior as it is about turning a profit. Before we can explain the ethic of capitalism to the general public, we must be clear in our own minds about it; we must really believe in it and we must show that we really practice what we preach. Among other things, this means we should be the first to denounce the few rotten apples in our midst. "The time to guard against corruption and tyranny is before they shall have gotten hold of us," Thomas Jefferson once wrote, and this truth certainly applies to the American business community today. If we are to regain and hold public understanding and esteem, *we*, not those who would destroy the capitalist system, must lead the way in wiping out abuses committed in its name.

This thought was uppermost in my mind when I testified on Capitol Hill in August 1975 concerning the revelation of widespread foreign bribery by the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. At a time when it was benefitting from a government-guaranteed loan of $250 million provided by a consortium of American banks, Lockheed had been secretly paying out millions of dollars in graft to foreign officials. The revelation of this unethical conduct not only severely injured Lockheed's standing, but also greatly damaged America's international prestige and further weakened public confidence in all corporations—the innocent along with the guilty. I said then, and I reemphasize now, that both government and the other members of the corporate community should unite in unequivocally condemning illegal or unethical activities by American businesses, whether at home or abroad.

Gutless Wonders

As long as many of America's executive suites house gutless wonders who crave anonymity and are deathly afraid of "rocking the boat," the boat is going to keep on leaking and slowly sinking. Even more than the political sector, business desperately needs leaders who are statesmen of courage and principle.

The institutional cowardice of much of the private-sector hierarchy was painfully illustrated to me during the political battle over New York City. As the major spokesman within the Administration for those who opposed a financial bail-out, I received repeated calls from many major business and investment executives congratulating me on my stand and urging me to "hang in there." But whenever I asked these summer soldiers to express their views in public testimony they ran like rabbits, spouting a thousand and one excuses for their cowardice, all of which added up to one: rather than risk temporary financial losses or a brief flurry of media criticism, they chose to turn their backs on their beliefs, and on those who dared to defend them in public.

What the private sector requires today is leaders who have deep convictions and will stand up for them; who will stop asking for government tariffs and subsidies as a substitute for good management; who will condemn the minority of corruptors in their midst instead of making excuses for them; and who will seek out the public limelight to state the case for ethical capitalism, instead of cowering in the shadows while the system comes under ever heavier attack.

Fortunately, not everyone is heading for cover. In January 1976, A. W. Clausen, the president of Bank of America, blasted

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the "ethical blindness" of some American corporations and called for "strong and specific measures" to strengthen and cleanse the private sector from within. Irving Shapiro, chairman of the board of DuPont, advocates a new, uniform code of ethics to which all large corporations would subscribe, an admirable goal, even if it is unlikely to be achieved in the immediate future. Both the legal and medical professions have long since recognized the need to ostracize peers who abuse their professional trust and thereby damage the standing of all of their colleagues; it is high time that American businessmen did as much.

Internationally, the United States government can help, and has already begun to do so, by working through the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in Paris for the adoption of an international code of ethics that could help curb bribery. Bribery, of course, is a two-way street, involving those who seek as well as those who offer bribes. But businessmen should never rationalize unethical conduct, whether overseas or at home.

Counterfeit Capitalists

For the whole point of free enterprise—of capitalism—is vigorous, honest competition. Every corner cut, every bribe placed, every little cheating move by a businessman in pursuit of quick plunder instead of honest profit, is an outright attack on the free-enterprise system. Just as you cannot maintain a home or a healthy society without a strong degree of shared respect and common values, you cannot maintain a healthy market without a strong degree of trust and a shared code of ethics (whether stated or implicit) among the participants.

"A good reputation," the old Roman proverb has it, "is more valuable than money." In his recently published memoirs, Mr. Stanley Marcus of Nieman-Marcus expressed the same thought another way: "There is never a good sale for Nieman-Marcus unless it's a good buy for the customer." The continuous struggle within capitalist ranks has always been between those enlightened businessmen who recognize this ethical but also utilitarian basis for sustained prosperity and those who lose sight of it in pursuit of the quick killing. The latter group is every bit as contemptible as the poacher who slaughters endangered species to sell a few fur coats, or the exploiter who plunders forests or destroys the environment for short-term returns at unacceptable long-term cost to us and to posterity. Such people are counterfeit capitalists, outlaws within the fold. They are modern Vandals who, unchecked, could damage or destroy a brilliant but delicate market system that has taken thousands of years to evolve.

Business corruption is an arbitrary restraint on open, honest competition. It is therefore unacceptable on both moral and practical grounds. At a time when the business community has been shorn of most of its traditional political leverage, in the face of a new public mood of angry questioning, and in a political atmosphere in which it is all too tempting for demagogues to blame American business for the economic and social problems we face, the most valuable asset American capitalism retains is its reputation for providing honest value for money—in short, its good name.

In such a climate, developing and articulating a strong, clear American business ethic has become absolutely necessary to the survival of free enterprise. And just as every American citizen bears the awesome burden of meeting his civic obligations in a way that will preserve his heritage of political liberty for his children, so every American businessman has a sacred duty to maintain a standard of behavior and a reputation for integrity that will preserve our economic liberties for generations of Americans yet unborn. □

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James Ring Adams and Laurel Ann Adams

The Great American Birthday Party

For all their foolishness, our Fourth-of-July celebrations gave as accurate an account as we are likely to get of the current state of the American spirit, and it was by no means something to be ashamed of.

What kind of Bicentennial was it? Garish and understated, banal and uplifting, ridiculous and dignified, irrelevant and thoroughly appropriate. Americans celebrated in the strangest ways. In St. Louis, a pre-medical student stood on his head on the wings of a bi-plane. About 500 miles northeast of Bermuda, a man named Karl Thompson, trying to accomplish one of the last great unachieved feats, a free balloon crossing of the Atlantic, had to leap from his craft, the Spirit of '76, and was rescued after four days in a liferaft by a Russian freighter. Across the country, flagpole sitters and businessmen tried to break world records. Entrepreneurs in Baltimore baked the world's largest cake, 69,000 pounds in all, but could only sell 20,000 of its estimated 400,000 slices. The Great American Flag Company in New York hoisted a stars and stripes on the Verrazano Narrows Bridge that was three times the size of the largest flag reported by Guinness and watched in horror as the wind promptly ripped it in tatters. The media gave it their all. Channel 13, New York's public television station, rebroadcast all 13 episodes of "Flash Gordon: Space Soldier" from midnight July 3rd to four a.m., and Walter Cronkite stayed on the air until the following midnight with national coverage of everything from hymns to fireworks. Nearly everyone insisted on calling the day "America's 200th Birthday Party," thus assimilating the event to the cultural level of a 10-year-old. For all the foolishness, the spectacle gave as accurate an account as we are likely to get of the current state of the American spirit, and it was by no means something to be ashamed of.

James Ring Adams is on the editorial staff of the Wall Street Journal. *His wife Laurel Ann Adams, making her first appearance in these pages, is a doctoral candidate in neuroscience at Albert Einstein College of Medicine.*

Consider "Operation Sail." The most spectacular and dignified of the Bicentennial events, this endeavor brought sixteen large square-rigged sailing vessels, some two-thirds of the last operating "tall ships" in the world, to New York harbor, along with

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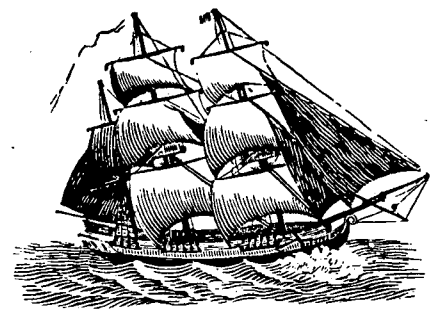
some 200 smaller sloops, schooners, and the like. The public excitement rivalled the early days of Cape Canaveral. It didn't matter that windjammers had only a tenuous relation with the Declaration of Independence. It didn't even matter that all but one of the vessels were steel-hulled, twentieth-century ships. To the public and the press, the event was a once-in-a-lifetime evocation of wooden ships and iron men, of the days when New York Harbor was a forest of masts.

For the press, covering the story itself was a return to a simpler way of life. With one or two exceptions, reporters recognized that they weren't writing about Watergate. "We're all very cynical about this," said one reporter on board the training ship *State of Maine*, "but watching those ships is a hell of a lot of fun." Correspondents from the *Village Voice* discoursed learnedly on barks and brigantines. And the picture press, to say it bluntly, went bananas.

The ships made spectacular photographs, and writer-photographer teams were dispersed to every conceivable angle, while chartered sport fishing boats churned to sea to pick up film and copy from the press ships.

The intense coverage and lavish layouts even threatened to obscure the basic purpose of this maritime extravaganza. "You know," said one reporter, "the *Times* is probably going to run a correction on July 5 saying, 'We forgot to mention in yesterday's story on Operation Sail that Sunday was also the 200th anniversary of American independence.' " But the attention was not necessarily misdirected. To sail a tall ship requires old-fashioned virtues—courage, self-discipline, a sense of duty—and these received a better press that weekend than they have gotten in a long time.



The ships were no less salutary for the City of New York. Beforehand, officials warned of massive traffic jams and surging crowds; they cautioned spectators away from abandoned piers, for fear their weight would collapse the rotting structures. New Jersey police expected about 25 deaths from people falling off the Palisades; refrigerated trucks were ready to receive the bodies in case the traffic kept ambulances from getting through. But almost nothing happened. Saturday traffic was the lightest in memory, and on the big day, public transportation handled millions with remarkable dispatch. Accidents were limited to a capsized motorboat in the treacherous currents of Hell's Gate, in which one woman drowned, and the collision of a boat and a seaplane in the East River. But the successful carrying off of the event gave a very important boost to the city's battered morale.

So pleasantly surprised by this display of their own civility, New Yorkers showered gratitude on the visiting sailors. Hundreds of thousands lined lower Broadway on July 6, as the sailing ship crews and sailors from the 50 warships in the separate International Naval Review marched in the first ticker-tape parade in a decade. The military was once more in fashion. All the military. The crowds cheered the German eagle and the rising sun of Japan equally with the Polish hammer and sickle as the sailors marched past under their naval flags, and office workers showered them all with computer punch cards, shredded phone books, and, quite thoughtfully, torn-up copies of *Penthouse*. Manhattan was flooded with white uniforms, and columnists wrote nostalgically of World War II and the "New York, New York" of Dan Dailey and Frank Sinatra.

What had come over a city so often content to be thought of as hard, pushy, and cynical? How had it managed to bring together millions without a hint of disaster? For one thing, which the gloomiest of the bureaucrats had forgotten, a good portion of the crowd consisted of children, in the firm custody of their parents. The day was a family affair for middle Americans. In short, as several sociologists told *Newsday*, the crowd was composed of "squares." The squares, said Herman Kahn of the Hudson Institute, are taking over America.

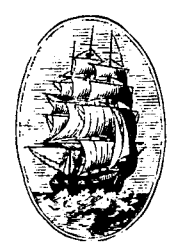
For the squares, in fact, the Bicentennial Fourth was a cultural coup d'etat. The great mystery of the day for students of the mass media will always be the almost total disappearance of the non-squares, the hippies, freaks, feminists, and far-out Left. Whatever happened to the People's Bicentennial Commission? Jeremy Rifkin, its director, is still wondering. For five or more years, this radical, anti-Corporate outfit had built its propaganda around the revolutionary tradition to be celebrated on July 4, 1976. Its efforts were to culminate in a nine-hour, 250,000-strong rally in Washington, highlighting the signing of an "Economic Declaration of Independence." Preliminary gatherings at the anniversaries of Concord and the Boston Tea Party attracted considerable attention, to the point that groups like the Heritage Foundation, the American Conservative Union, and Accuracy in Media devoted some energy to exposing the Commission's allegedly Marxist and anti-American background. The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee called it "the attempt to steal the Bicentennial." But on the Fourth, it hardly seemed to have mattered.

Although some of the networks covered portions of the PBC's program, including a morning memorial service, Mr. Rifkin complains that television omitted all of the rally's many political speeches. He says that even the service, broadcast live for nearly half an hour, was never identified as a PBC event. And though he admits that the turn-out was much less than the Commission expected, he avers that the press estimates of 5,000 participants were ridiculously understated.

Other, more radical events dropped totally out of sight. Did you know that an outfit called the Revolutionary Student Brigade claims to have attracted 25,000 to a "Rich Off Our Backs" rally in Philadelphia? That Puerto Ricans had a separate radical gathering and that feminists and homosexuals were making their own statements? No, well neither did the viewers of the CBS all-day special, who in the morning heard only that "handfuls" of demonstrators had gathered in Philadelphia, and in the evening were told that the number had actually exceeded 20,000.

CBS, in fine, was devoting the day to solid, bourgeois, middle America, and who are we to say they should not? But it was a revealing shift in programming. It was a vastly appealing and entirely recognizable portrait of America that Walter Cronkite presented that day, a country coming to peace with itself after a decade of torments, not smug, not satisfied, certainly not serene, but more self-confident than we have seen her for a while. Yet how much of this portrait was always there? If Walter Cronkite were to present a similar panorama in any summer of the late sixties, we would have seen, not only the hundreds of thousands of youths gathered at Woodstock to hear acid rock, but the hundreds of thousands of middle-aged parents gathered in Central Park to hear Tchaikovsky. The squares who gathered for Operation Sail were always there. The media just didn't look for them.

In the end it was a Bicentennial which paid surprisingly little attention to the meaning of the event it was supposed to commemorate. What references to history found their way into the speeches of politicians and businessmen were more often than not grotesquely misunderstood and twisted out of shape. Serious students of America could justly lament that a great moment had been missed for educating fellow citizens in the meaning of their country. But perhaps it was better that way. The day may have been an intellectual disappointment, but it was a great vulgar success. The people celebrated by behaving happily like Americans. And as for the theorists, well, there's always 1987. □



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THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

by

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. / Karl O'Lessker / John R. Coyne, Jr.

A Symposium on Beers

The "Confessions of a Beer Snob," by Aram Bakshian, Jr., published in our May edition, provoked an unparalled burst of intellectual activity from all quarters. To continue the discussion of what the late Walter Lippmann might have termed "The Open Question," The Alternative *presents herewith a* disputatio de gustibus. *Our editor R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. offers an abstruse monograph, on which Dr. Karl O'Lessker, professor of political science and of public and environmental affairs at Indiana University, comments. John R. Coyne, Jr., a former speechwriter for Presidents Ford and Nixon, concludes the symposium with a stream-of-loss-of-consciousness narrative.*

1. *R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.*

Like so many intellectually-inclined youth of my generation I always sought refuge from the crassitude and materialism of the modern world by withdrawing to the philosophical fastness of a dignified saloon, there to listen to the literary chat and theoretical diatribes of learned coves well juiced on worldly experience and ardent waters. The earnest habitues of libraries and classrooms always gave me the impression they had been driven to their books by fear and hatred of the world beyond. They seemed to yearn for a springtime of violence and highminded rampage. The more bookishly attitudinized they were the more anti-intellectual I suspected them to be. Their invasion of the streets in the late sixties, and their resort to quack spiritualism in the seventies confirmed my suspicion. Ever since I have remained inveterate in my view that a carefully selected saloon generally provides an educational experience superior to that of any university. No one ever set out from Tobey's Saloon to shout America into the New Age. If a fraction of the money that the Federal Government has squandered on higher education had gone to supporting good saloons I have no doubt that America would be a vastly more literate and serene republic today—though the drinks would be more expensive and less expeditiously delivered.

It was in saloons, not universities, that I first encountered serious students of history, political philosophy, and the Beethoven quartets. These sages usually drank beer, and so at an early age I entered upon a scholarly appreciation of the ancient elixir. Today the truly dignified and educational saloon—the saloon free of simian music, rutting "singles," and that gloomy lighting that Americans so often confuse with "atmosphere," is almost unknown; and so I generally drink with friends in private domiciles. Still, my critical interest in beer remains intense, and it is because of this interest that I should like to add a few reflections to Aram Bakshian's learned treatise, which appeared in our May number.

Mr. Bakshian's taste in all things is cultivated, yet he, in his toniness, neglected a few elemental facts concerning the rules of hops-quaffing. He also neglected a few worthy brews.

To begin, one should never seek in beer a retreat from worldly burdens. The stuff is too much a part of life's primeval cycles. Those who wish to stupefy themselves in it desecrate it and would be better off taking morphine, cocaine, or a pistol to the head. That is why I favor the legalization—always by local option—of most drugs and of all forms of suicide. People who cannot face life should not indulge in one of life's more sublime moments, and they should never be forced to overindulge in it. Too much of anything, save Hubert Humphrey, is always a bad thing and possibly a peril.

Good beer should always be taken with good friends whose tongues are eager to chatter even as their throats yearn for flash floods of malt. And this is another desideratum of beer-drinking. Gulp it down, never sip. Beer is to be voluptuously ingested in prodigious swallows. Eructate only in carefully selected company. Then, too, beer is most congenial with esculent accompaniment. Sausages, cheeses, and Pennsylvania Dutch pretzels always call one's taste buds to attention, ordering them to their duty as the amber liquid flows about their God-given antennae. I would no sooner drink beer without pretzels nearby than go to Washington unarmed. Finally, one should never drink beer while smoking or in the company of painted women. Tobacco coats the tongue and dulls the sparkle from even the most audacious brew. As for painted ladies, forget not the doleful fate of the patriot Hays.

Now before asseverating my preferences, I should state that I have never encountered a beer without some redeeming social value, save two appalling Wisconsin concoctions, *Chief Oshkosh* and *Oconto*, and one miserable juice of uncertain origin which is memorably entitled *Acme Beer*—Gad what sewage! All other beers I will welcome over my tonsils and into my maw, including the East's *National Bohemian*, the South's *Dixie* and *Pearl*, and the Heartland's *Burger* and *Hudepohl*. In fact local beers are one of the surpassing achievements of Yank culture, though recently they have fallen into such straitened conditions that some might have legitimately applied for grants to the National Endowment for the Humanities. Government economic policies have made it difficult for local producers to compete with more profitable national concerns. Centralized, planned economies eliminate the little fellow, and diversity is swept from the landscape. Mr. Nixon's wage and price controls barred little breweries from raising prices, they had feeble borrowing power at the banks, and when the more profitable national breweries smothered local markets with advertising many local breweries turned belly up. I lost many friends during Mr. Nixon's fling with national socialism and gained but one, *Old Chicago*, a new beer produced in Mayor Daley's paradise. It can be appreciated as much for its flavor as for its philosophical significance.

Now having declared my broad appre-

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ciation for almost all American beers, let me state my especial favorites. Americans prefer lighter beers, and there are but few heavyweights. *Stroh's* is the king in this class. It is a truly hearty brew whose every swallow provides not only excellent flavor but also a tasty finale. The Huber Brewing Company's *Regal Brau* is also a worthy heavyweight, and for enthusiasts of the bar stool, I suggest *Schlitz*'s dark. It is served solely on draught, and best appreciated when quaffed from "frosty" mugs.

Of the middleweights there are many that have engaged my attention and won high respect. *Schmidt's* of Philadelphia comes to mind as does *Waldech* produced by Hamm's and *Andeker* produced by Pabst—though *Andeker* is a bit too sweet. The champion in this division, and—truth to tell—the title-holder over all American beers, is, in my opinion, *Budweiser*. It is a beer of poignant taste, balanced animation and clarity. Clarity is one of the attributes that sets high-grade beers apart from the flotsam and jetsam, and the King of Beers has it. It also has ample body, bouquet, and consistency; the latter being a quality often ignored even by the cognoscenti. Note that good beer, like good *Beaujolais*, does not travel well. It must never be bounced around, set in the sun, or exposed to widely varying temperatures. This is why beer always tastes better in the summer when it is usually cooled just once. In the winter it is exposed to a greater variety of temperatures during delivery, and the result is saddening. Even in the winter, however, *Budweiser* maintains high consistency. I pray for August Busch nightly.

The best light beer in America is *Coors*. It can be imbibed in enormous quantities without ever exhausting the palate. The bouquet is especially memorable as is its liveliness. Many poseurs sniff at it, claiming that true beer is heavier, on the order of European beers; but here they only reveal their provincialism and their trendy anti-Americanism. *Kronenbourg* on draught, an Alsatian beer, is almost as light as *Coors*, has the same clear and refreshing taste, but is hardly as drinkable. It has charmed me many times during relaxing interludes spent along the Boulevard Saint-Germain, but after three glasses the stuff cloys—a feeling never to be encountered with *Coors*. Many of *Coors'* critics object to the politics of the Coors' family or are ignorant of the fact that *Coors*, being the only nonpasteurized beer in the country, travels least well of all beers. If these critics were real connoisseurs, they would admire the unbending standards of this illustrious brewery and forget the politics. Journey to the West where the high standards of the *Coors* brewmasters remain prepotent, and enjoy. It is nectar and highly nutritious. I have an octogenarian aunt who swears by it.

As for the Europeans, there are many delectable potions, running from *Carlsberg* and *Tuborg* in Denmark, to *Pilsner Urquell* in Czechoslovakia, several surprisingly fine Italian beers, and the reliable *Watneys* of England. The Dutch beers, notably *Heineken*, are much overrated. But Germany is a veritable cornucopia of malt delicacies, though I should add that the beers of Munich are inferior to less popular German beers. Here *Pschorr* is the best, and *Hofbrau* about what one might expect from a government-run establishment. Admittedly *Lowenbrau* often leaves me with the disconcerting sense that it is the product of a pharmaceutical firm, but there are hundreds of little towns which produce sheer masterpieces, rarely for export beyond these tiny jurisdictions. Of the exports every Hun can take pride in such glories as *Beck's*, *Dortmunder Union*, and my beloved *Wurzburger*. The latter has often accompanied me in my days of public service. It is one of those rare beers that—in America—tastes best from the bottle, though the enormous seidels of it that are served at Luchow's in New York

are about the greatest malt treat to be had in the entire world. I have no idea how the curators of Luchow's manage this, for their food is often uninspiring and always overpriced. Nonetheless the beer they serve is a prodigy, and I rarely visit New York without venturing down to Luchow's for a *Wurzburger* seance.

Lastly, I want to mention a stout that is one of the most magnificent liquids ever ushered into my esophagus. I speak of *Guinness Stout*, not the bitter, gassy stuff bottled for American consumption but the mellow nectar served from the tap only in Ireland. *Guinness* is also brewed and served on tap in England, but beware. It is tasty enough, but it is not the same gentle embrace one experiences in the pubs of Eire. I will drink *Guinness* anytime and anyplace, but the only true *Guinness* flows close to its source, along the quays of the Liffey in Dublin. It is a poet's drink and perhaps the key to Irish eloquence. Those who will dispute me on the subject will have to face no less a literary critic than Dr. Hugh Kenner, with whom I recently shared many bottles of this lovely juice as we sat before a peat fire.

Examples of the congeniality of *Guinness* and belles-lettres are sprinkled throughout the pages of literary history. For me there was the time Von Kannon and I peered from behind pints of the brown stuff, watching a Kilkenny man in a remote pub read Dante's *Purgatorio* accompanied by his faithful pint. And in a pub off St. Stephen's Green there was a roaring debate over Joyce that would never have been so eloquent had the bartender not stood intrepidly at his station, pulling pint after pint of this magical drink.

I have enjoyed oceans of beer in many lands, but as for those most memorable, give me *Coors* and *Budweiser* and *Wurzburger*, and on my death bed give me *Guinness*.

2. *Karl O'Lessker*

For the man of taste and judgment who participates in this Symposium, the first and most important act is to disassociate himself from the sophomoric, not to say puerile, views of the young women who write under the pseudonyms of "Aram Bakshian" and "R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr." Despite the presence of some cleverly wrought obfuscation there is unmistakable evidence in each as to the perpetrator's sex and lack of sensibility. Who but an envy-maddened and graceless female could, like "Bakshian," dismiss as "much over-touted" beers of the quality of *Coors* and *Olympia*? And who but a simpering, latent-hysterical virgin could, like "Tyrrell," heap praise upon that Kool-Aid of beers, *Stroh's*?

I turn now to the constructive part of this discussion. Let it be said at once that the best American beers stand up well by comparison to the general run of Europeans. Ours are not among the very great beers of the world, but a half-dozen or so are by no means to be despised, being quite capable of satisfying any but the cultist's or snob's palate. Four American light beers are pre-eminent (and geographically well distributed): *Olympia*, *Coors*, *Hamm's*, and *Schmidt's* of Philadelphia. Each has a crisp, even sharp, clean and clear flavor, without a trace of that execrable sweetness which renders *Stroh's* and, to a lesser extent, *Miller* and *Schlitz* quite undrinkable; nor, of course, do they suffer from the wateriness all too often found in so-called "local" beers. One other light beer deserving favorable mention is *Budweiser*, which can be drunk without violence to the tastebuds wherever none of the other four is available (in the Deep South, for example).

There is only one distinguished middleweight* beer produced in the United States, and that is Pittsburgh's *Iron City*. So remarkable and uncharacteristic a brew is this that anyone who does not yet know it will, upon a first good swallow, refuse to

*How the pseudonymous "Tyrrell" could hope to get away with calling *Coors* "light" but *Hamm's* and *Schmidt's* "middleweight" is beyond even my profoundly pessimistic view of female fallibility.

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credit his senses, preferring to believe that his taste has gone happily awry. It hasn't. *Iron City* is a unique and eminently praiseworthy beer.

A note of good sense, no doubt meant to disarm and mislead, crept into the otherwise lamentable paragraphs signed "Tyrrell" when he (she) indicated that there are better European beers than the heavily advertised *Heineken* and *Lowenbrau*. For my part, while I share Ms. "Tyrrell's" enthusiasm for *Dortmunder Union* and *Wurzburger*, I prefer that Czech masterpiece, *Pilsner Urquell*, to either. And when I am especially deserving of a reward I turn to that finest of all English brew, *Bass Ale*, so far superior to any other of its class as to deserve to be stored on a pedestal.

One final point, all too often overlooked. Beer, like wine, should be selected with reference to the type of food, if any, it is intended to accompany. I should not, myself, choose *any* beer to go with the more delicately prepared fish or veal dishes. A light beer will go nicely with anything else, and the heartier, deeper-bodied Europeans are at their best with thick steaks and ribs but may well overwhelm the flavor of lighter meats. (How many picnic lunches have been ruined by a pretentious host's serving *Heineken* with cold chicken or a lobster salad?) No great intellectual burdens are imposed by attention to this principle. All that is required is good judgment and a cultivated palate. Lacking those, you might as well stick to corn dogs and *Stroh's*.

3. John R. Coyne, Jr.

This has been the most confused week of our lives. There was a bad accident. We're moving. I owe various people two speeches, two articles, two columns, and two books. Bill collectors are calling. But now I'm doing research.

I'm sitting at the dining room table in one of the most dismal old houses in the world. We've lived in the thing for three years now, and we're finally getting out. It's the hottest week of the year. I smell, and I can't take a shower because the well's running dry. My wife, Pat, has deserted me for the day, off to Washington to sit on an HEW advisory panel. Helen Clark, my sister-in-law, has come out from Iowa to help us move. She's sweating and packing. I'm sweating and doing research. I'm drinking beer.

A roach looks up at me from a crack in the table and wiggles his filthy little antennae at me. I try to hit him with my beer bottle but I miss and the beer spills. It's a pretty green 7-ounce bottle, shaped something like a small M-1 rifle grenade, with four horses carved on the glass. The beer is *Rolling Rock*, brewed in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, the best of the Eastern beers, a lot like *Coors*—light, delicate, but with just a touch of that bitter bite that all good beers have.

I've had six *Rolling Rocks*. It's one of those beers that drink well from the bottle. But now they're also putting it in cans. A shame. Only *Budweiser* tastes good from cans. Cans are just no good, unless you like to yell and throw them out your car window onto people's lawns.

This is grueling research. I'm getting stewed. I wonder why you can't get *Heileman's Special Export* here? It's one of the best Wisconsin beers, heavy and cheap. But you can't get a lot of things here. The best American beer I ever had was actually an ale—*Neuwiller's Cream Ale*, I think it was called. Another Pennsylvania product—smooth, rich, a big thick head you can eat with a spoon. If I could find out where it's brewed, I'd go get a U-Haul full.

But hell, maybe it doesn't make any difference. Why do we drink anything with alcohol in it? To get stewed, of course. They used to sell four quarts of something with a name like *A-1* in the Eagles Super-

market in Iowa City for less than a dollar. It did the job just fine. After the second quart it could have been *Bass* or *Harp*. If we drank only for taste, we'd probably all be milkshakeoholics.

Helen and I just went out to get a bunch of foreign beer. Some bastard stole my gas tank top—gas tank top cap? Ever try to say that when you're half stewed? Helen bought something awful called Mr. Boston Coffee Snowshake. It's terrible looking stuff, the kind of drink that goes with puce pimp hats.

Pat's here now. She and Helen try the Coffee Snowshake. I take a couple of drinks. Sweet as hell. Terrible. But it's about 40 proof, and it beats Old Spice.

Back to the beer. Pat and Helen decide to pitch in and help with the research. We'll use *Rolling Rock* as our control.

We drink a bottle of *Pripps*. Swedish. "A lot of odor," says Pat. "Tastes like pine needles," says Helen. Sweetish aftertaste. But maybe that's the Coffee Snowshake.

A bottle of *Fix*. Greek. Not bad, just a bit like *Rolling Rock*. "Not as bubbly," says Pat, who can't think of anything else to say. They're beginning to giggle.

Rignes Bock. Norwegian. "Barns, horses, smoky—molasses—ham and sardines," says Helen. "Tastes like homesteaders in Alaska smell," says Pat. "Dirt, leather, sweat, mildew."

Scotland. *MacEwans Tartan Ale*. Awful. Thick. "Burnt caramel," says Pat. "Why don't you pour it down the toilet and write about that," says Helen, who's coming unglued.

The temperature in this barn is unbearable. In the winter it lets in the cold. In the summer it holds in the heat. Strange. Generations of dirty people have lived here. When it's hot and damp, you can smell them all.

Mackeson Stout. "It's so sweet it makes you fat," says Helen. "That's why they call it stout."

"I wish I had a regular job," I tell Helen.

"That's right. Then you could come home and have a drink."

The *Rolling Rock* is gone. We mix the *Mackeson* with *Schlitz Light*. Helen's going to write a piece about diet beers and why women hate saloons.

Oranjeboom. Dutch. Nondescript—that beer in the Eagles Supermarket was just as good. In fact, ordinary American beers are superior to ordinary European beers.

Damn these boxes. "Since I'm working it doesn't seem like I'm drinking," I say. "But a man's got to do what he's got to do."

I think of some of the beers I've liked. There was an Australian beer called *Abbott's* which I drank in Korea. Great. About 14 percent, and after a few quarts the Aussies and Kiwis would get into fist fights. *Kirin* and *Asahi* that I drank during R&R in Japan under the sort of conditions you never quite tell your wife about. But maybe it's more the associations than the stuff itself. Maybe that's why I share Tyrrell's fondness for *Stroh's*. I first drank it under very special circumstances.

Pat has just read O'Lessker's piece. "He's asking *the* existential question," she points out.

"How many picnic lunches," asks O'Lessker, "have been ruined by a pretentious host's serving *Heineken* with cold chicken or a lobster salad?"

"2.6 per drinking—drinkable?—population," says Helen.

Is that before or after JFK?" asks Pat. "And what about the effect of pot?"

It's a hell of a question. So many variables. I think of those Australians. They're the hardest beer-drinking people in the world. But their lobsters are different from ours. Maybe *Heineken*...hell. It's just too big a question. Requires extensive research. Easily a doctoral dissertation there.

But those lobsters. Beer's gone now. Pat and Helen have passed out. Their euphemism for it is going to bed.

All alone now, trying to carry on my research. Still some Coffee Snowshake. Hell of a research project.

Work, work, work.

Hee, hee, hee.

Hic. □

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James Hitchcock

Bigotry in The Press: The Example of Newsweek

For the last eight years, Newsweek has taken every possible opportunity to disparage Catholic institutions and—under the guise of objective reporting—to find fault with Church policies.

As the Second Vatican Council of 1962-65 generated American popular interest in things Catholic, an interest perhaps unprecedented in our history, the secular media gave increasing coverage to Church activities. This coverage was a mixed blessing, however, particularly in the aftermath of the Council—when it became apparent that the Church was passing through one of the greatest crises in its history. For if the media paid the Church the compliment of thinking its activities newsworthy, they also turned on the institution a glaring light of publicity which ensured that virtually no problem or question could be dealt with in a leisured and discreet way. What is more, many magazines and broadcasters tried to influence Church policies through the tactical use of slanted news.

Consider the coverage given to matters Catholic in the nation's two leading newsmagazines—*Time* and *Newsweek*—from the issuance in 1968 of Pope Paul VI's birth control encyclical, *Humanae Vitae,* to mid-1975. Neither *Time* nor *Newsweek* claims to present fully "objective" news: an editorial opinion is usually apparent in each magazine's coverage of events. Both, however, claim that they do not distort or misinform, that they give readers accurate and balanced information.

In the period 1968-75 the religion departments of both magazines consistently manifested a bias toward what was generally called the "liberal" side in Catholic disputes, i.e., those people in the Church advocating continuing changes in a wide variety of beliefs and practices. In keeping with the magazines' style, readers were generally led to think that the forces of change were raising long-overdue questions about Church policy, which the hierarchy had an obligation to take seriously and respond to favorably. The leadership in turn was often represented as timid, defensive, and out of touch with modern realities.

Given the time-hallowed practice of the two journals, such a bias was perhaps inevitable and to be accepted as such. However, the contrasting practice of *Time* and *Newsweek* showed there could be enormous differences even within the newsmagazine format.

In dozens of stories pertaining to Catholic issues during the period considered, *Time* rarely failed to present the news in terms other than one of conflict between "progressives" and "conservatives," and the magazine's sympathy with the former group was usually evident. These articles ranged over a variety of subjects, including birth control, membership in the College of Cardinals, the crisis of the priesthood and the religious life, dissident theologians, changes in the ritual of the Mass, declining church attendance, divorce, the Catholic antiwar movement, abortion, and Church finances.

Those consistently reading *Time*'s religion columns would rarely have learned about anything positive or creative happening in the Church, since the newsmagazine format seemingly imposed an iron necessity of casting all stories in terms of conflict, crises, attack, and counter-attack. Some subjects were grossly overplayed (for example, no fewer than six articles on birth control appeared between June 21 and October 4, 1968). Presentations were sometimes unfairly slanted, as when a cover story on the exodus of priests and nuns from the Church (February 23, 1970) predicted that all the "best" people would soon leave. On one occasion the magazine implied that Pope Paul VI favored clerical celebacy so he would not have to pay priests a family wage (November 8, 1971).

An essay by religion editor Mayo Mohs (November 15, 1971) described the Church as having a "nervous breakdown" and blandly quoted an unnamed priest who referred to the Pope as "one old man." *Time* was clearly unsympathetic to the Catholic position on divorce and once quoted a typically anonymous "diocesan official" saying that "you practically have to be a religious nut" to live by that teaching (October 2, 1972).

At the same time, the magazine was willing to grant that the "official" Church did have a case, and although readers would usually find their sympathies enlisted on the side of the critics they were at least given a glimpse of why Church leaders might think and act the way they did. There were occasional instances in which the dissidents' position was subject to criticism, as in an article on the "new theologians" (November 13, 1972). On the whole it could probably be said that *Time*, given its customary format, at least tried to be fair in dealing with Catholic subjects.

Newsweek, by contrast, carried on a persistent propaganda campaign against the leadership of the Roman Catholic Church, using sneers, innuendoes, and occasional misstatements as its weapons. It failed to report anything that might reflect favorably on Catholic leadership, and abandoned even the semblance of fairness or balance.

During most of the period under consideration the religion editor of *Newsweek* was Kenneth L. Woodward, like Mohs a Catholic. Woodward on several occasions identified himself publicly as a dissenting Catholic. It is unclear whether the bias in *Newsweek*'s pages was merely Woodward's own or that of his superiors.

Perhaps the most troubling feature of *Newsweek*'s religious stories was the frequency with which news reports were simply used as an excuse for the magazine to prescribe policy for the Church. American bishops, for example, were chided for not possessing a "national awareness" of their own independence, such as the Dutch bishops had (January 22, 1968). When a Jesuit wrote an article proposing that marriage for bishops be mandatory, *Newsweek* enthusiastically took it up (June 3, 1968). When a monsignor proposed that the Church allow divorce, *Newsweek* was highly sympathetic and ended its article with a quote from an anonymous canon lawyer, "Isn't it incredible that we have to fight with our leaders to take care of our people?" (September 23, 1968). →

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An article about the marriage of priests failed even to mention the Church's reasons for requiring celibacy (October 21, 1968). When the Pope proposed an annual public reaffirmation of celibacy by priests, *Newsweek* called the sugestion "ominous" and said that it "sounds like a loyalty oath" (February 23, 1970). The American bishops, calling for an end to the Vietnam war, were ridiculed for their tardiness (November 29, 1971). However, the bishops of Colombia, giving cautious approval for the use of birth-control pills, were said to be capable of "shaking the church's doctrine world-wide" (July 30, 1973).

A rather sensationalistic story (December 3, 1973) reported on a "Third Way" between marriage and celibacy followed by some priests and nuns—dating and extra-marital affairs. The bishops' disapproval of such practices was reduced simply to fear of losing "their almost total power over the personal lives and concerns of their clergy." The summing-up statement at the end of the article was by a Jesuit sociologist: "I see no way of stopping the Third Way," and the conclusion that the Church must sanction clerical marriage was virtually dictated by the article's tone and selective presentation of facts. (Afterwards a priest-psychologist cited in the article said he had been misquoted.)

In brief, *Newsweek*'s coverage of matters Catholic was rarely a serious effort to present information to readers but was instead a persistent application of pressure to force the Church to change its doctrines and practices, a legitimate activity in frankly labelled columns of opinion but not in a format which purported to inform.

Sometimes *Newsweek*'s biases were acknowledged candidly, as in a signed article (May 10, 1971) in which Woodward expressed his unhappiness with the state of the Church. Speaking of the hierarchy, he said that "The worst, all too frequently, get promoted"; and he characterized the bishops as insensitive and worldly, the priests as "personally underdeveloped" (a characterization taken from one priest's psychological study of his brethren). Woodward once again made a pitch for a married clergy in order to destroy the "constricting clerical cult."

A cover story on October 4, 1971, asked, "Has the Church Lost Its Soul?" and answered, with evident satisfaction on the editors' part, "Yes." With what seemed like a note of triumph *Newsweek* referred to American Catholics as "increasingly indistinguishable from their Protestant co-religionists," having "moved from the formerly all-embracing mystique of 'Holy Mother Church,' " though, to be sure, descriptions were as subjective and prejudicial for the "new" Church as for the "old." If an image of Catholics with "mouths pinched dry with fasting" set the tone for the section on the pre-1960s Church, so was the Church after the Second Vatican Council said "at times [to appear] to be one vast boarding house of clergy, many of whom leave the priesthood as soon as they find a more attractive home." Words like "insensitive" and "unimaginative" peppered the article, the predictable point of which was that the bishops *must* change their attitudes and policies.

Gratuitous and contentious interpretations of events were routine in *Newsweek*'s coverage of Catholic matters. The magazine described a meeting of the American bishops as "protected by a phalanx of armed security guards," implying that the bishops needed protection from their own people (May 10, 1971). When a world-wide synod of bishops failed to consider clerical marriage, the frustrated Woodward reported that "the delegates were as confused at the end as they were at the beginning." He resurrected the charge that American priests were "psychologically underdeveloped" (obviously because of celibacy), and pictured the bishops as dishonest and undemocratic (November 15, 1971). Reporting on his fifteenth-year class reunion at Notre Dame, Woodward snidely disparaged the Notre Dame he had known (although cautiously approving of the "new" Notre Dame), and, to establish the desired image of Catholic hypocrisy, claimed to have met two classmates stumbling drunkenly on their way to pray at a shrine of the Virgin Mary "after unsuccessful attempts to bed down two middle-aged barflies in South Bend" (June 26, 1972).

On several occasions *Newsweek*'s eagerness to score points against the Catholic hierarchy led to questionable juggling of facts. In an article contentiously titled "Bishops in the Dock" (June 28, 1971), the magazine reported on a "censure" of the bishops of Chicago by the Association of Chicago Priests. Although the closeness of the vote (144-126) was reported, readers had to peruse the article very carefully to realize that the Association itself was unofficial and represented only a minority of Chicago's priests. *Newsweek* hailed the meeting for its "historic significance," and described those voting against the censure as motivated by "traditional clerical docility" rather than by conviction.

For the first five years in the period considered, *Newsweek* constantly favored dissent within the Church and represented the Church's leadership as unworthy and inept. Suddenly in 1973 (August 6) it did an about-face and warned against "raucous" elements in the Church which constituted "an embattled sect" and which were engaged in an "all-out attack on the Church's hierarchy and institutions." Describing "journalistic abuse" and a "rebellious spirit," the magazine favorably quoted a priest urging his fellow clergy not to read certain newspapers. Never in the past an upholder of the hierarchy, *Newsweek* now saw fit to warn against Catholic publications which were "independent of diocesan authorities."

What had caused this dramatic shift in the magazine's position was that it was talking not about dissident Catholics of the "Left" but about those of the "Right." Suddenly respect for authority, hints of ecclesiastical censure, and the demands of institutional unity took precedence over the courageous spirit of independence previously celebrated.

The article was another instance of biased and opinionated journalism sliding over into misrepresentation of facts. The point of *Newsweek*'s attack on conservative Catholic journals was that they represented a noisy but eccentric point of view, wholly unrepresentative of the mainstream of the Church. Yet included in the indictment was the newspaper with the largest circulation in American Catholicism—*Our Sunday Visitor*, which over the years had been sold regularly in practically every parish church in America and deserved, if any publication did, to be designated as representative of the mainstream of the American Church.

Since *Newsweek* had appointed itself the champion of change in the Catholic Church, it had a vested interest in showing that virtually no one of any weight or intelligence opposed such change. Hence its blast at the Catholic "right wing" (including everyone from genuine extremists to cautious middle-of-the-roaders). Earlier (October 4, 1971) Woodward had told his readers that "...conservatism has been reduced to a sectarian movement in American Catholicism, led largely by disgruntled converts devoted to the hopeless task of preserving the church in a mold made by earlier generations." Since *Newsweek*'s own stories had consistently represented the American bishops as unyielding and conservative, the reduction of American Catholic conservatism to a "sectarian movement" was an absurd and illogical step. Furthermore, the claim that most of the conservative leaders were converts was demonstrably untrue. But, as in the case of *Our Sunday Visitor,* the magazine was determined to pronounce as deviant and sectarian whatever in the Church diverged from its own version of Catholicism.

How far this determination could be carried was evident in the magazine's consistent treatment of Pope Paul VI. From 1968 to 1975, it is fair to say, *Newsweek* published scarcely a favorable word about the Pontiff, and treated him as virtually an enemy of the Church he headed.

Even before the appearence of *Humanae Vitae*, *Newsweek* had gossiped about Bishop Carlo Colombo, one of the Pope's favorite theologians, allowing anonymous "authorities" to undermine the bishop's professional reputation (April 8, 1968). Shortly before *Humanae Vitae*'s publication, *Newsweek* said of the Pope that "he drives the church's disparate factions into radical disunity" (July 22, 1968).

After the controversial encyclical's appearance, Woodward

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published a signed editorial in which he repeated the charge of disunity. This time he declared the Pope incompetent, "a puppet of the papal household," and accused those who advised the Pontiff of "crude maneuvering" (August 26, 1968).

When the Pontiff visited Colombia a month later, *Newsweek* dismissed his remarks on the need for social reform as "cliches." Admitting that many Colombians welcomed the Pope, the magazine felt compelled to correct any misconceptions by quickly adding, "But still larger numbers are apt to remember that their distinguished visitor...brought them little hope that their lot may really be improved." His visit was put down as "bread and circuses" and a "Catholic carnival, with the pope as the main attraction (September 2, 1968).

After *Humanae Vitae*, *Newsweek* found a Viennese theologian who "weighed the encyclical and found it wanting" (March 10, 1969). When the Pope deplored "scandal and schism," it speculated that this might be the prelude to "an implemented counterattack against dissenters and defectors" (April 14, 1969).

Newsweek saw fit to publicize a Seattle newspaper columnist who had attacked the papal condemnation of abortion by sneering that the Pope "wears white dresses" and asserting that the "voice of their [Catholics'] celibate 70-year-old Pope sounds like a curse to the rest of us" (July 28, 1969). When the Pope visited Uganda in 1969, *Newsweek* dwelt on the cost of the trip and characterized it as a boon to the tourist industry (August 4, 1969). Evidently embarrassed because the Africans gave the Pontiff so enthusiastic a welcome, the magazine explained that African Catholics, "still new to the faith" and "docile towards authority," did not understand the issues facing the Church. Conversions were attributed to status-seeking, and the African Church was said to have a Roman preference for legalism, logic, and elitism" (August 11, 1969). When Paul VI visited the Philippines the following year, *Newsweek* wondered if he were being used as a "local political pawn" (November 30, 1970).

When contrasting gatherings of liberal and conservative clergy met in Europe, the magazine, while conceding some "extremism" on both sides, denominated the former a "meeting" and the latter a "claque." In the same article the Pope, referred to by his given name of Giovanni Battista Montini, was chided for not admitting that "he is, after all, a human being like anyone else." Although he claimed the keys of Peter, the magazine told readers that "...it is painfully evident that he frequently fumbles for the lock" (October 20, 1969).

As evidenced in the case of Bishop Colombo, *Newsweek*'s practice was also to discredit the Pope's close associates, especially those who were notably outspoken in defending papal policies. Thus the magazine implied that Bishop John J. Wright of Pittsburgh, called to Rome as a resident cardinal, had been "kicked upstairs" to get him out of the United States. An anonymous Dutchman was allowed to say that "it is generally known that Wright is not being taken very seriously" and "his appointment...was a mistake in the first place" (February 23, 1970). When the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Luigi Raimondi, was made a cardinal in Rome, *Newsweek* found an anonymous "church official in Washington" to make slighting remarks about him (February 19, 1973).

That Woodward himself was not exclusively responsible for *Newsweek*'s biases was indicated in a signed dispatch by the magazine's Rome correspondent, James Whitmore, which descended to the level of tasteless and sometimes vicious *ad hominem* remarks. Speculating about the Pope's possible retirement, Whitmore quoted an anonymous source saying that Paul regarded the papal office as his "personal property." From other equally faceless people came a description of the Pontiff as weak, out of touch, and garrulous, "like many old men." An ex-priest characterized him as having a "heroic martyr complex," and a psychiatrist was found who was willing to diagnose the papal maladies at a distance: "He projects an image of anxiety and suffering. Such a man is too anguished to act. Resignation would call for clarity, as well as energy." Other "Vatican insiders" described the Pope as determined to hold onto power even though unable to make decisions (October 2, 1972).

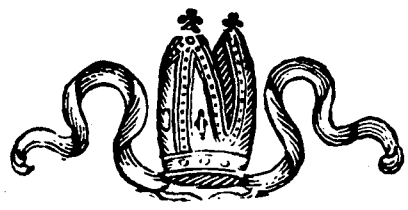
The implications of this barrage were dubious even from the point of view of *Newsweek*'s own coverage, which had consistently represented the Pope not as indecisive but as unyielding and even rigid in his positions. The magazine, obviously eager for the retirement of a man it regarded as an obstacle to progress, had through the psychiatrist, put the Pope in a Catch-22 situation—failure to resign his office was itself evidence of personality problems.

There was, however, still more. That something like a personal hatred of Paul VI motivated *Newsweek*'s attack was suggested in Whitmore's closing words. Reporting that some Romans were "secure in the knowledge that lingering illnesses have been rare among Popes," he concluded by citing a medieval tract entitled "On the Brevity of the Life of the Roman Pontiffs."

The magazine had revealed that it waited with some impatience for the death of the man who would not oblige it by resigning. When, after two years had elapsed and the expected demise had not occurred, the journal returned to the theme, reporting that the Pope "appears convinced that the days of his papacy are numbered." Anonymous "associates" of the Pope were said to have told the journal that "his major goal...is simply to make it through 1975..." (November 4, 1974). A few months later it repeated that "this year might be his last" (January 6, 1975).

When the Pope affirmed Catholic belief in a personal devil, *Newsweek* gave the last word to a left-wing Italian journalist (January 1, 1973). When a Jesuit theologian was deprived of his Roman professorship, it quoted an anonymous colleague who said "he would stop repressing his feelings about all the sham, the fakery, and the Byzantine Mardi Gras that is the Vatican" (March 5, 1973). The doctrine of papal infallibility, official Church teaching since 1870, was reduced by *Newsweek* to merely one among "special Roman concepts" (July 16, 1973). The magazine portrayed an international meeting of bishops as a contest between the bishops and the Pope, and praised the bishops for "showing courage" (November 4, 1974). When Pope Paul proclaimed the 1975 Holy Year, one of *Newsweek*'s anonymous sources obligingly said that "the Holy Year could turn out to be a holy flop." (It did not.) The magazine's coverage dwelt on the commercial aspects of the event, stressed the opposition that existed to it, and predicted a possible "Counter-Holy Year" (January 6, 1975).

By mid-1975, *Newsweek* had ceased paying much attention to the Papacy or to the Catholic Church, and instances of blatant prejudice were consequently minimized. At present it remains uncertain whether this lull represents the end of, or a mere truce in, what has been an incredibly sustained and bitter journalistic vendetta. □



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Robert Conquest

Thwarting Terrorism

International terrorism has emerged in its full odious degeneracy. To wipe it out, we need a policy of ruthless moderation.

The Israeli operation at Entebbe Airport on July 4 marked, or at least so one may hope, an epoch. Not only was it the first occasion in which a major hijack operation was totally thwarted and its perpetrators destroyed. It was also a strike, and again virtually the first of its kind, against one of those pirate states which conspire and collude with terrorism.

But can the rest of the civilized world, which has let things slide so badly, really pull itself together and follow this fine example? The world order and community of nations which to some extent existed during the "International Anarchy" at the beginning of the century, has naturally not survived into an era when we have a full-blown United Nations with every kind of international charter. We have seen little serious effort to restore it, even on the part of those nations still having the wish for, and some sort of power to try to enforce, international order.

Part of our present troubles with terrorism started when in 1969 the United States put pressure on Brazil to release a group of imprisoned terrorists in order to save the life of a kidnapped diplomat. In Guatemala, West Germany showed an even more absurd lack of a sense of value: for when the Guatemalans would not launch assorted killers into their society in order to save a German, and the German was killed by his captors, the Germans blamed the murder on—guess who—the Guatemalan government, and withdrew their diplomats.

Thus, the Western governments involved thought in terms of ransoming the lives of their own people with the lives of locals who would fall to the bullets of the newly released gunmen—a morally squalid procedure if ever there was one. In these and similar cases, no one seems even to have gone through the form of demanding a parole from the terrorists, that they would not continue such activity. This would, no doubt, have been worth little: for, of course, the higher morality of the sacred struggle must take precedence over mere oaths and guarantees. But it would at least have been some slight concession to decency.

So, on the one hand, these surrenders entailed the sacrifice of others about immediately. But on the other, it also guaranteed the further kidnapping of diplomats and the further release of terrorists throughout the world. The American attitude later hardened. But the cycle had started, and the cost was a number of lives of hostages kidnapped on the assumption that they would, or might, have been exchangeable for imprisoned gunmen. And liberal and diplomatic voices have more recently been raised in favor of a softer policy—voices which may yet encourage terrorists with the hope of possible success in such projects.

As has often been pointed out, a strong argument in favor of the death penalty for terrorists is that once they are shot no one is going to kidnap innocent strangers as blackmail for their release. This principle has been extended further. In the Irish Civil War, when the IRA shot a member of the Free State government, four IRA men in jail were immediately executed in reprisal. The Irish government's suppression of the IRA in the 20s is not a model which can necessarily be applied everywhere. However, it is worth recalling its methods. The government shot every captured IRA man for whom there was any evidence that he had borne arms or had a weapon. At the cost of seventy-odd executions the movement was crushed. First the IRA offered a truce: this was refused. And then it announced the end of armed operations. Of course, one important factor was that the moderates then in charge in Dublin were themselves men of equal ruthlessness. The leading figure, Kevin O'Higgins—himself of course always risking death, and eventually to perish at the hand of an assassin—is described by Yeats as "a soul incapable of remorse or rest." What appears to be needed is a ruthless moderate. The combination does not seem very prevalent at present.

There is, of course, terrorism and terrorism. In a complete autocracy, assassination is the only weapon available to an opposition. Count von Stauffenberg would be hard to fault morally for trying to kill Hitler. By this criterion the basic question is that of the political order. The People's Will terrorists of nineteenth-century Russia, the assassins of the Emperor Alexander II, issued a statement strongly condemning assassinations in the United States, on the grounds that the Americans had, as they themselves had not, other means of political struggle.

Terrorism is a fairly broad concept, going beyond mere assassination. On the one hand, widespread terrorism merges into something resembling guerilla warfare. As so often with political matters there are gradations, rather than any clear-cut boundary, between the legitimate, the arguable, and the totally inadmissible. There is no reason why this should make for serious difficulties except in a junior high school debating society.

If the PLO had merely assassinated Israeli officials, it would be difficult for even the Israeli authorities to condemn these actions on purely moral grounds—since they have themselves celebrated the assassination of British officials in Palestine. This is not to say that the more general political, or political-moral, arguments against the PLO are not tenable. The PLO, however, permitted itself indiscriminate mass murders and plane hijacking.

This is one example of the important change for the worse to be seen between the terrorism of two or three generations ago and what we are used to today. The Irish Republicans from the nineteenth century to the early 20s generally limited themselves to assassinating British political and military leaders and the British soldiery. But by the late 30s the IRA had degenerated to present-day methods—leaving bombs in suitcases to blow up anyone who happened to be passing.

This is now, of course, regular practice in all terrorist circles. What we may call Terrorism II has emerged in its full degeneracy. The target is no longer the enemy, but simply the achievement of the maximum death and destruction of anyone at all, so that we get Japanese gunmen mowing down Puerto Rican nuns at Tel Aviv airport; cancer specialists being blown up in the streets of London.

Even at this vile level, one can still admit a difference between a nationalist political movement with, by prevailing standards, a

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genuine grievance, and the merely self-indulgent rich girl in her gelignite tantrums, such self-appointed messiahs as the Baader-Meinhof gang. It is significant that some of these types try to give themselves a slight air of responsibility by joining up with nationalist groups with whom they have no ethnic or other affinity—as with the all-purpose export-reject Japanese assassins employed by the Arabs, or the purely English Dr. Rose Dugdale who started dropping dynamite in milk churns on the Irish border.

Talentless and opportunityless rich women (and effeminate men), rather pathetically seeking kicks, are common to all extremist movements. We are told that the Nazis during their rise to power had a strong and active following among thwarted society women. The Symbionese Liberation Army arose, one gathers, as the result of sociological lecturers being allowed to talk to violent criminals. In no time, each had been infected with the vices of the other. The criminals, who had previously thought of themselves as humdrum murderers and rapists, were told that they represented a valid protest against society. The sociologists, who had hitherto confined themselves to talking drivel, found a way of transferring from the world of hypothetical to that of real violence. The pretentious and illiterate name of the organization must of course be blamed on the "educated" section.

Precisely as terrorism became more vicious, it gained increasing support from "liberals"—just as (as George Orwell pointed out) the Soviet Union only became popular with Western intellectuals at the height of the Stalin Terror. There is the thrilled admiration, traditionally common among well-coddled spinsters, for the bravery undoubtedly exhibited in some of these cases. It is the sort of bravery of which Pushkin says, in a fairly similar context, that those exhibiting it are men "who care little for their own skins and less for those of others." Dr. Goebbels showed great moral and physical courage in July 1944: and so what?

Among churchmen, too, spiritual arrogance has led to basic intellectual and logical error. Your people's priest who sees the Brazilian poor suffering and blames the Brazilian rich, goes out, gets a machine-pistol or a flame thrower or so, and joins a group of guerillas dedicated to overthrowing the system. If he had any real sense of responsibility, he would make the effort to discover whether or no the rule of left-wing revolutionaries which he is in effect attempting to install has anywhere actually made the lot of the poor any better. If not—and the answer is indeed not—he is in the position of some Chicagoan so revolted by the excesses of the O'Banion Gang that he joins Al Capone. In fact even at its own level it is a contemptible lapse. The priest, moreover, is also supporting political elements who have as one major aim the extirpation of Christianity.

There is, of course, an anti-civic strain in Roman Catholicism. These attitudes dating from the Catholic past are nowadays deployed—as in sixteenth-century England—against "bourgeois democracy," the parliamentary civic order, and the market economy. And the fact that Jesuits are now not uncommonly found among terrorists representing the newer despotic tradition will not surprise people who remember how they played the same role in the Gunpowder Plot. And apologetics about means and ends once more abound.

All in all, in the world of 1970, as against the world of 1910, not only is a level of terrorism accepted which would have horrified and astonished our grandfathers, but a level of crime too. Before the first war a couple of girls could bicycle alone from the Pyrenees to the Baltic with almost no risk of molestation. (Nor is such a condition of things necessarily the product of endless centuries of civilization: it was written of Edwin of Northumberland, in the early seventh century, that under him "if a woman with a new born babe then wished to walk across the land from sea to sea, she would come to no harm."

Are we to believe that the vast increases in political terror and in common crime are totally unconnected? It seems obvious that we aren't to believe that. The view that the criminal isn't really to blame, or has something to be said on his side, or at any rate must not be repressed with any great rigor, very much resembles the "liberal" view of terrorists. And this applies not merely to the terrorists with some more or less genuine grievance, but even to the semi-lunatic Weathermen—"fine young people" or rather "fine young people *really*."

This ambiguous—to put it mildly—attitude to terrorism on the part of some liberals is to be seen as part of a fairly recent corruption of the mind which has left "liberalism" in the condition of Poe's "M. Valdemar"—intellectually and morally dead, but preserving an appearance of life in an unnatural fashion, pending collapse the more total for that.

For this squeamishness on such matters was not found in a previous generation of "progressives." In his supposed history of the future, *The Shape of Things to Come*, H.G. Wells specifically posits a wave of terrorism, in the form of assassinations, against his World State, and makes it clear that they are to be coped with by ruthless executions which, some years and thousands of lives later, eventually eliminate the problem. Nor did his liberal readers complain.

The new wet "liberalism"—a Liberalism II to match Terrorism II—affected all our policies. International diplomacy in general long since reached a stage where no one takes a firm line at all about anything. This is at least partly because the diplomatic communities are no longer small bodies of skilled men fully integrated into their country's political machine and carrying out the policies and orders of the executive, but an enormous amorphous jelly with interests and attitudes of its own. The *deformation professionelle* of Western representatives at the UN has often been noted, with its absurd conviction that to secure one more Afro-Asian vote on some minor motion is more important than to defend their own country's principles. In the terrorism field, this takes the form of moral cowardice in the face of any Third World manifestation whatever, even gunmen; above all it takes the form of the first reaction being not to make a decision but to find a basis for negotiation. There is the curious idea that somehow "diplomacy" is always able to reach a compromise satisfactory to all.

Again, in spite of various appeals by pilots' organizations, no one declared that any state accepting a hijacked aircraft would be automatically barred from international air communications. The Caribbean and the Barbary Coast were soon replete with pirate states welcoming any individual marauder, as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Whatever the form of terrorism, it is at least a principle of international law that countries do not arm and equip terrorist bands operating in the countries of "friendly" states. The interception at the Amsterdam airport of a Czechoslovak plane carrying a massive Soviet arms delivery to the IRA marked a gross, but too typical breach of this rule. Even more intolerable is the transmission of terrorist equipment in Libyan diplomatic bags. But what has been done to discourage or denounce this?

What we have seen is the lack of firm, clear, and self-confident political will—the same problem that bedevils the West in every sphere.

There are politicians—Mr. Fraser in Australia, Mrs. Thatcher in Great Britain, one hopes the next President of the United States—who have clear and uncluttered views and who may be able to enforce them. There seems little doubt that the majorities in the West would heartedly approve. But there are many hurdles yet.

The chances of anything sensible being done by the United Nations are, of course, negligible. Its majority has become so accustomed to supporting all anti-Western behavior up to and including terrorism, and being met only by the most polite and understanding demurrers (except for the brief and inexplicable intrusion of Daniel P. Moynihan) that they would receive any firm demands from our people with the astonishment of a man being bitten by a rabbit. To produce any real change would take a determined and constant effort over quite a period. One may hope this will occur (it would of course involve the replacement of

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virtually all Western representatives)—but it can be no more than a hope.

The encouraging noises made at the recent EEC meeting and elsewhere may lead to something. At any rate, the new mood among the Western governments was the direct result of the bold Israeli action. As so often, a firm and uncompromising initiative clears the air, and gives a lead to weaker sisters.

It was a remarkable change to find the United States, France, and Germany openly congratulating the Israelis, instead of retreating into the usual faults-on-both-sides, Third World-appeasement, United Nations flummery. Whether these rather larger states will themselves ever dare actually to imitate the Israelis in similar circumstances is another matter. Yet it has always been a principle, or at least the practice, in international affairs that states have been entitled to land troops in foreign territories for the limited purpose of saving their own nationals. Mr. George F. Will has pointed out that such actions as that at Entebbe do not stop people hating the Israelis. But, he rightly adds, it is better to be hated than despised, and this is a point the Western powers should consider with some care.

If the civilized nations can indeed get together and produce an anti-terrorist charter, with an agreement on sanctions against offending organizations and states, prospects are better. Let us repeat that, as in every other sphere, there seems no doubt that Western public opinion has swung away from appeasement-minded liberalism. But how long will it take for this good sense to penetrate to the political leadership? Washington and Westminster exude a miasma of "enlightenment." Those who have breathed it, like glue-sniffers, find it very hard to return to sanity.

A recent article in *Newsweek* urges that a change in values is needed to remove the terrorists. It is clearly true that a society in which the terrorists did not roam freely or gain support or excuses had different values from our own. But the imposition of values is not itself merely a matter of persuasion and the issuing of good ideas: it is equally a matter of Law—the firm and public enforcement of the laws which bear these values. Rigorous anti-terrorist laws, ruthlessly enforced, within the civilized countries; and firm international action against any sort of support of or collusion with terrorism—such are the two faces of an adequate policy. A simple enough formula. It has taken decades for any serious sign that the West may have reached the level of intelligence needed to perform this political and moral equivalent of counting up to two on one's fingers. But of course, it needs courage too: not much, but more than has yet been available in capitals other than Jerusalem.

BOOK REVIEW

The Unseen Revolution: How Pension Fund Socialism Came to America
by Peter F. Drucker / Harper & Row / $8.95

Adam Meyerson

Forget the central thesis of this book, but read it for its insights. Peter Drucker is not only one of the business world's most respected management consultants. He is also—though his analyses are often wrong—one of the most imaginative and thoughtful social critics of our time. With his extraordinary breadth of interests—ranging from Kierkegaard to Japanese art, from jurisprudence to the psychological value of cosmetics—he can put together seemingly unconnected ideas and call our attention to phenomena that elude more rigorous specialists. Though English is his second language (he was born in Vienna and emigrated from Nazi Germany), he writes with a masterful facility that sometimes tends to overdramatize, but never fails to stimulate.

Overdramatize Drucker has certainly done in *The Unseen Revolution*. The "revolution" he refers to is the remarkable growth in recent years of employee pension funds, particularly corporate funds established as fringe benefits for workers, but also pension plans for federal, state, and local employees, union-dominated funds, and most recently—thanks to liberalized tax benefits—individualized retirement accounts. Drucker contends that pension funds are becoming the dominant force in the capital economy, that they now own 35% of the market value of equities listed on American stock exchanges, and that in ten years they will own a majority of equity, in addition to holding a major proportion of corporate bonds and debentures. And since, according to orthodox Marxist analysis, stock ownership amounts to ownership of the means of production, Drucker argues that America is inadvertently but rapidly becoming socialist—not in the modern sense of the state managing the economy, but in the classical Marxist sense of the workers collectively owning the means of production. If we put aside farming, Drucker writes,

> a larger sector of the American economy is owned today by the American worker through his investment agent, the pension fund, than Allende in Chile had brought under government ownership to make Chile a "Socialist country," than Castro's Cuba has actually nationalized, or than had been nationalized in Hungary or Poland at the height of Stalinism.

Nothing of the sort. In the first place, Drucker overstates the role of pension funds in the stock markets: rather than the 35% figure he gives, the funds own slightly over 20% of the market value of listed stocks.* Far more important, Drucker misleads his readers when he talks of workers owning the American economy. Pension funds are set up for the sake of workers, who are therefore "beneficial owners." But in the vast majority of cases, it is the employers, whether corporate or government, who manage the pension funds—either directly or, more commonly, through financial intermediaries such as bank trust departments. Most pension plans guarantee their beneficiaries annuities specified by collective bargaining, and employers must provide the pensions they promise no matter how well the pension fund is invested. Employees therefore have no say about where to invest their pension assets or how to vote at stockholder meetings. Marx would have warmly approved of the standard of living American pension funds offer retiring workers, but I doubt he would have called the system socialism.

Yet Drucker illuminates an important issue even as he exaggerates with his rhetoric. Pension funds may control only 20% instead of 35% of equity, but they have grown dramatically all the same—in 1956 they owned only 3%—and all indications suggest that their share of the market will expand much further. Similarly, pension funds may have little to do with "socialism," but they are new institutional arrangements with a host of accom-

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*I used Drucker's own figures to reach my calculation. In a recent letter to the editor of *Pensions and Investment*, the pension fund trade journal, Drucker estimated the market value of stocks owned by pension funds, at the end of 1975, to be about $150 billion. According to the Securities & Exchange Commission, the market value of all listed stocks at the end of 1975 was $718.3 billion. So the share of pension funds was somewhere around 20.9%.

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panying challenges. Both Congressmen and businessmen have recently addressed the question of how well pension funds have been managed (not very wisely). But few observers have paid any attention to the increasing importance of pension funds as institutions, and Drucker has therefore performed an invaluable service in forcing us to discuss both the problems involved and the promise.

Who else but Drucker, for example, would point out that in recent years pension funds have been one of the major engines of our economic growth? It is widely know that institutional investors have been taking over the stock market, and that individuals have been net sellers of stock. Few people realize, however, that pension funds are the most important institutional investors, more important than personal trusts and mutual funds, far more important than foundation and university endowments. And because so few have paid any attention to pension funds, even fewer are aware of a serious problem which will soon beset our economy: namely, that in fifteen or twenty years pension funds will cease to play their vital role in capital formation, and therefore in economic growth.

This kind of forecast represents Drucker at his best. Bankers study economic trends, demographers study population trends, Drucker with his catholic interests studies both, and by putting them together he startles us with convincing prognostications. Drucker sees that every year pension funds receive some $20 billion more in contributions than they must pay out in pension claims, hence their enormous resources for investment. But he also sees a dramatic shift taking place in the age structure of the population: because the "baby boom" has ended, fewer people will be entering the work force; and because public health has strikingly improved, more and more workers are able to enjoy lengthy retirements. In 1935, 8 million Americans were over 65, today there are 22 million, in ten years there will be 30 million. And in fifteen or twenty years the number of retirees collecting pensions will be so great, and the number of new entrants to the labor force so low, that pension fund disbursements will equal or surpass contributions—with the result that pension funds will no longer generate new capital for investment. Many economists, of course, regard capital formation as a "non-problem." They say that if people choose not to save enough to generate capital investment, then so be it: that is the way the market expresses preferences, and we can do without economic growth. But those who see economic growth as the only way to relieve increasing political pressures for both higher standards of living and a cleaner environment, had best ponder the implications of a pension fund economy; for, as Drucker shows, we are soon going to lose one of our major sources of investment.

Quite apart from the question of generating investment, the growth of pension funds is changing the nature of investments made. Small and unknown enterprises are starving for capital today, in good measure because pension fund managers (who dominate stock buying) try to protect their charges' assets by investing only in well-established stocks that will offer a safe return. And this creates a problem, for, as Drucker puts it so well, the pension funds are investing in the past, whereas what we need is investment in the future; they are trustees, but if our capitalist system is to continue its phenomenal economic and political success, we need entrepreneurs willing to take risks. Unfortunately, Drucker seems to concentrate too much on pension funds in this discussion: the fear of making risky investments now marks almost all institutional investors, including the one which was *designed* to invest in small and risky enterprises, the mutual fund. And though he discusses at length the recent pension legislation known as ERISA, Drucker curiously neglects the provisions which prevent private pension plans from making speculative investments.

Not that such legislation is wrong, of course. Trustees should not gamble with others' money, and Drucker argues cogently that some of the major problems facing pension funds have to do with insufficient safeguards on the security of their assets. Thus, Drucker commends the recent ERISA legislation, which requires that private pension plans be properly funded and invested. But he argues that the worst pension mismanagement takes place in the funds for state, county, and local government employees. Many of these are gravely underfunded, and some governments—e.g., those of Florida, Boston, Indianapolis, and Pittsburgh—"have not laid aside one penny for future pension payments." These, Drucker asserts, must be properly funded immediately: else, when the pension claims come due in large numbers, the guilty states and cities must choose between repudiating their obligations and raising taxes exorbitantly in order to pay for them. One of the major reasons for New York City's financial crisis was that its unfunded pension liabilities amount to at least $6 billion!

New York was rescued, at least in the short run, when its municipal pension funds invested in city bonds no one else

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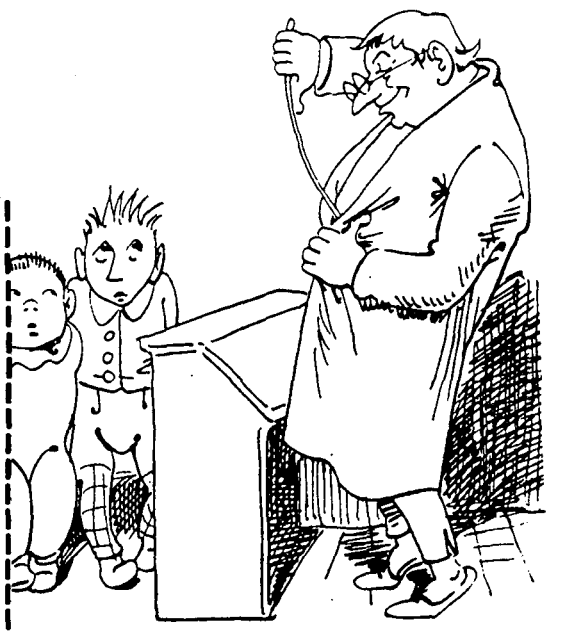

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would buy. Perhaps this was appropriate, for it was the excessive wage and pension demands of municipal unions that led to much of the city's financial chicanery. But there were good reasons why no one would buy New York bonds, and Drucker argues that the pension fund managers violated their trusteeship by making such unsound investments. In the next generation, Drucker believes, the critical problem before pension funds will be how to protect their assets from government interference —how to keep governments from raiding the funds in order to make up for their own fiscal irresponsibility, how to keep governments from requiring investment in "socially useful" and probably unprofitable activities. To do this, pension funds must develop strong management institutions, including boards of directors with clear accountability.

Now Drucker does not mean to imply that pension funds will supply only headaches. He is a man of vision, and he sees in their emergence the opportunity for business to regain a sense of legitimacy. Private pension plans cover over 30 million workers, and are mostly so generous that they will provide most of their beneficiaries' retirement income—with Social Security payments as only supplementary. And since corporate revenue finances these pensions, Drucker believes that workers will begin to realize the extent to which their retirement security ultimately depends on the continued health of corporate profits. The vision here is much broader than that of the "Kelso plan" and other profit-sharing schemes—proposals that would encourage workers to invest in the companies they work for. According to Drucker, such schemes tie workers too closely to the fortunes of one particular company, which might easily decline. But the growth of pension funds, which make diversified investments, gives workers a stake in the success of the corporate system and the long-term stability of the economy.

To be sure, Drucker's use of the term "pension fund socialism" sometimes leads him to exaggerate the identity of interests between corporations and pension fund beneficiaries. He argues, for example, that because workers own more and more stock, the corporate income tax is "highly regressive," and that "nothing would so effectively promote greater equality of income as to eliminate the corporation income tax, or at least that part of it which is levied on the holdings of the corporate pension funds." But as we have seen, the workers do not "own" the holdings of pension funds, which are financed by corporate contributions. What is more, one can make a good case that existing tax laws greatly benefit pensioned workers: the assets of pension funds may be hurt by corporate income taxes, but corporate *contributions* to the funds are a *tax-free* fringe benefit to employees, and partly as a consequence corporations now pay more in pension fund contributions than they do in income taxes. There are a number of reasons why corporate income taxes might desirably be reduced, but one should not imagine that the result would be egalitarian.

But this is a minor quibble about a major argument. American business now has the opportunity to form alliances with millions of pensioners and older workers, who, in order to protect the security of their retirement assets, will want to guard against inflation and make sure that economic productivity advances. Business must welcome these millions, develop effective management for their pension funds, and invite their representatives onto corporate boards. The growth of pension funds will create great problems in generating new capital, particularly the right kinds of capital. But as Drucker never tires of pointing out in all his books, scientific and innovative management has successfully handled problems that were thought insoluble: in particular, at the end of the nineteenth century, it put down the flames of what seemed to be unavoidable class war. Besides, he would say, solving problems is what business executives are paid for. □

BOOK REVIEW

Me and Ralph
by David Sanford / New Republic Book Co. / $7.95

Tom Bethell

This all-out attack on the patron saint of consumers by the managing editor of the *New Republic* is a peculiar effort. Undeniably cranky, it is also hostile to Nader in a way that suggests someting approaching bitterness on Sanford's part. Overall, it's not an edifying book. It's very much as though Sanford went after Nader in the same spirit as that General Motors detective who did so much to put Nader on the map. Similarly, I imagine, this book may do little more than enhance Nader's reputation. This is because Sanford made one notable miscalculation. His attack on Nader is almost entirely *ad hominem*, which is perfectly justifiable, of course, and in fact the correct approach in Nader's case. But if you take that approach you risk looking mean-spirited if you don't come up with much, and Sanford doesn't. He hardly puts a dent in Nader's armor. And so our Knight of Woeful Tidings emerges with renewed lustre, precisely because these lesser mortals have been sniping at him once again. And needless to say, Nader has not lacked for pally reviewers in the media ready to lash out at Sanford for being disrespectful.

Nevertheless, Sanford's book is an interesting effort: brief, well written, undeniably an entertaining read for anyone not actually on the Nader payroll nor dedicated to the immediate overthrow of capitalism. One can't help getting a certain amount of pleasure out of seeing Icon Nader under assault from the chic Left (in passing, the book includes a remarkably unflattering portrait of Gil Harrison, the former owner of the *New Republic*, who comes across as an effete snob). But still, there's no doubt that Sanford is out to "get" Nader for reasons that are rather obscure, inasmuch as the actual idea of consumerism doesn't distress Sanford—in fact he endorses it, strangely enough. Reading between the lines, one gets the impression that Sanford is resentful of Nader's fame, and (perhaps even more) saintly image.

But he does little to alter that image. He takes on the boarding house legend for example, but merely tantalizes. Nader the Saintly, as we all have been told a million times, lives in an $85 a week rooming house near Dupont Circle, walled in with piles of old newspapers and government reports which he reads sixteen hours a day. Now Sanford tells us that Ralph's brother Shafeek bought an $80,000 house in a fashionable D.C. neighborhood some years ago, and Sanford reports that Nader has been seen coming and going. A neighbor said: "Ralph lives there; it's his home. I see him coming and going at odd hours nearly every day. I have never seen

Tom Bethell, an editor of the Washington Monthly, *is writing a book on George Lewis, the New Orleans clarinetist.*

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anyone behave so strangely around his own home." Nader had been observed to "bury his head in a newspaper as if he didn't want to be recognized, and hurry into the house." The trouble with that is it merely adds to the Nader legend. (Nader denies that he lives there, or that he owns the house.)

Then there's the episode of the Suspicious Caller. For some time Sanford had been trying to get hold of an audit of Nader's organizations, at one point promised by Nader but never released (again, Sanford suggests that Nader has been keeping donations for his own use but he does not prove this, either). Then the *New Republic* started getting phone calls from a lady requesting the magazine's subscription list and other data not normally requested by casual callers, and in true gum-shoe fashion, Sanford found out that the caller was a next-door neighbor of one Charlene Divoky, who runs Public Citizen, a tentacle of the Nader octupus. It looks like tit-for-tat in other words, a retaliatory request no doubt initiated by Nader, although once again Sanford doesn't prove it. But the whole episode is recounted in considerable detail, and it somehow typifies the book.

Although Sanford fails to make much of a dent, as I say, his *ad hominem* approach is correct. Here I must disagree with those pious reviewers of this book who have complained that Sanford spends so little time scrutinizing the details of Nader's programs, and so much time on Nader personally. What this argument neglects is that Nader *is* his movement—they are inseparable. Make no mistake about it, when the bright young things flocked down to Washington from the Ivy League law schools to work for Nader in the early seventies they did so because of Nader's reputation for monkish zealotry. It wasn't consumerism they came for (although no doubt that sounded sufficiently progressive and worthy, something vaguely in the background they would be working on.)

Sanford himself seems to miss this point at times. For instance, he tries to attack Nader by claiming that he treated his volunteer corps badly, calling them up every fifteen minutes to check on the progress of a report, expressing dismay that they were taking weekends off, seeing their wives, going to movies, etc. *Of course* Nader did all these things. And *of course* that's why he was able to attract so many disciples. Sanford can't see what a tremendous appeal this had to the children of our permissive society . My God, there was this fellow in Washington who still believed in something, who worked at it so hard that he didn't even have time to date, who was going to save the country from the big corporations, and he badly needed converts—helpers who would have to work hard in his crusade if they were to prevent the corporations from taking over America. The government had long ago been co-opted and put out of action by the corporations, so that just left Nader as the thin red line. Won't you come and help? Hard work, tiny pay, long hours, and Nader will be on your back almost every minute of the day. So of course they came and they took vows of poverty and enrolled in Dupont Monastery under the Abbot Nagger Nader. It was marvelous fun for a summer or two, before economic reality began to exert its pressure on the young idealists.

Consumerism never really had very much to do with it, in my view. Oh, I know all those dreary reports and books were turned out under Nader's name, creating a front of activity, but they are about as unreadable as it is possible for books to be and it's a fair bet that they are just accumulating dust on library shelves, a testament of sorts to Nader's peculiarly negative obsession, and to his considerable powers of persuasion.

The point about consumerism that Sanford never makes but which seems worth pointing out is that it is an idea with special appeal to a particular class of people in this country: those who don't produce anything. The concept of the consumer is so specious that I'm surprised no one seems to have called for a little truth-in-labelling. *Everyone* is a consumer. Nader is, just as much as the chairman of GM. The category merely serves to demarcate another group—that of producers. Here, however, we immediately notice that *not* everyone is a producer. Some people produce little or nothing: college students, for example, and a goodly number of their professors; droves of government drones, and assorted members of the mediacracy who are paid handsomely in return for telling the rest of us how to lead our lives. These non-productive consumers constitute Nader's true constituency because he reassures them that whatever seems to be wrong with their lives at any given time (quite often nothing more than guilt feelings induced by looking in the mirror, of course), is most likely the fault of the producers—no doubt multinational in structure.

There are so damned many of these drones today, and they are multiplying at such a rate, that Sanford was probably right to worry a couple of years back that they just might sweep Nader into the White House as their leader. Fortunately it won't happen. But I see that Nader and Jimmy Carter have been palling around lately. That suggests the most desirable scenario, in the event Carter wins in November, that he will put Nader on the public payroll. Nothing would neutralize him more quickly. Failing that, one senses that Nader is probably a spent force anyway, even though Sanford's missile doesn't really hit its target. One hears, for example, that Nader is becoming Mr. Nice Guy in his middle age, and that life in the Nader monastery is less strict. And the converts have been falling off. It's no longer "in" at Harvard to go work for Ralph. The Catholics, too, found that when monastic discipline was loosened, the supply of novices dried up. Friar Ralph, beware. □

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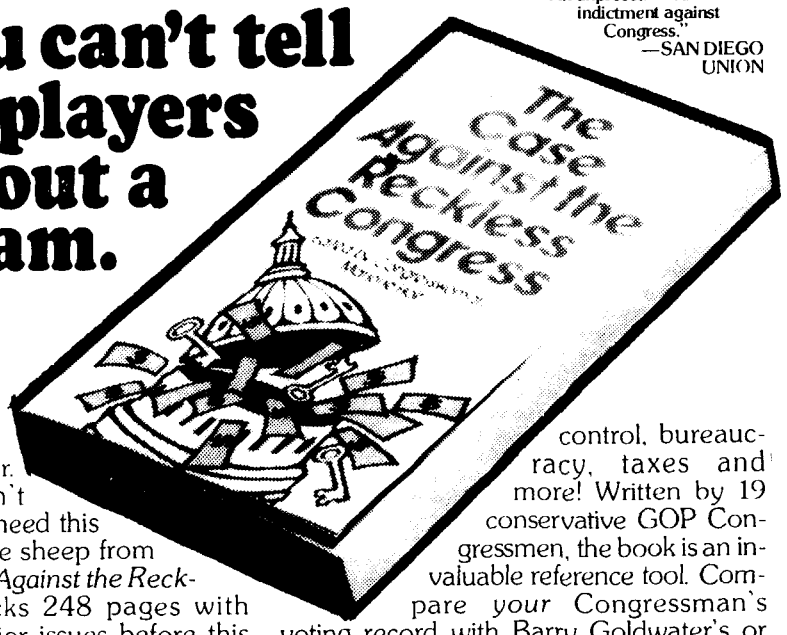

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BOOK REVIEW

The Last European War
by John Lukacs / Anchor Press-Doubleday / $15

Charles R. Kesler

In 1939 the Germans smashed into Poland, to the outrage of every civilized European, and the next year wheeled and slashed their way through Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France, to the horror of every civilized European. Right? Wrong; and it is to John Lukacs, learned historian and philosopher of history, that we owe the honor of having liberated us from this stale good guys-bad guys interpretation of the opening moves of what we loosely term the Second World War.

His opus, *The Last European War*, is a work of concious revisionism which, unlike the concoctions of Gar Alperowitz and his crowd, proceeds rather by the reconsideration than by the inversion of the old explanations. But this is revisionism with a difference; this is revisionism from the Right. At last, in a volume rich in scholarship and acute in perception, we have a fresh perspective on those world-shaking events. Admittedly, Lukacs' canvas is capacious: "The scope of this book is the history of an entire continent during two years of an enormous convulsion," he states in the opening sentence. His theme is the decline of the old Europe, the eclipse of the continent long forseen by Tocqueville and others. The entry of the United States into the war and the Soviet victory at the gates of Moscow in December 1941 are the points Lukacs chooses to signal this eclipse. "The Last European War began in September 1939," he writes. "It became the Second World War in December 1941....The peoples of Europe may yet experience revolutions and civil wars; they may be conquered from the outside; they may be set against each other. But a war in which one nation sets out to dominate Europe, with the result of an all-European war—that is very unlikely to happen."

Nowadays such grand hegemonial designs, like some senescent uncle, grow old in the seclusion of a backroom, emerging to public view but rarely and shakily. At this year's Olympics they appeared in perhaps their most attenuated form to date—in the half-joking recognition that if East and West Germany were fused into a single country, that nation would have surpassed both the Soviet Union and the United States in total medals won. In the years from the Franco-Prussian War to the Last European War, however, the Germans were taken with considerably more seriousness. They were the last of the European powers to seek continental hegemony, and for three-quarters of a century their political, economic, and cultural ascendance dominated mankind's history. The first two were important: Germany was the greatest industrial power in Europe, with a large, youthful, and growing population, and a seething will to power. But it's the last, the cultural predominance of Germany, which particularly concerns Lukacs, and which certainly has been the most neglected by scholars.

"The Germans had the potential to rejuvenate old Europe, to extend the European age, and the primacy of Europe, in the world for centuries to come," Lukacs insists. They blew it, of course, but the point is to recognize that they had the opportunity. Millions of ordinary and reasonable Europeans who were disgusted by the egoism and materialism of bourgeois society and the fecklessness of liberal democracy—what do *you* think of the Third Republic?—looked to Germany and national socialism as the architects of a new order in Europe. Up to now talk of a New Order has been passed off as so much Nazi propaganda. But Lukacs shows that this wasn't simply some of Goebbels' handiwork, that revulsion at existing society was widespread, and that national socialism was watered by such revulsion. It is, after all, not difficult to despise a society in which a French deputy, the mayor of Suresnes, after the first German bombing of Paris on June 3, 1940, and while his country collapsed around him, ran about the lobbies, screaming: "I will interpellate the government on this outrage as soon as the Chamber meets."

Lukacs points to the Third Republic as an object lesson in the failures of liberal, bourgeois society. He is, however, strangely silent about the other notorious example of liberalism's failure—the Weimar Republic. Here was a government based on the best models the West had produced. Its constitution provided for a popularly elected seven-year presidency; a bicameral legislature of which one chamber, the *Reichstag*, by virtue of a meticulous system of proportional representation, would be one of the most democratic in existence; a Supreme Court; and a secret, universal, direct suffrage for all citizens (including women) over 20 years old. For such enlightened origins, no regime ever proved a more dismal failure. The polity sagged under the weight of a multiplicity of parties, and the republic suffered from government Italian-style, as we might now think of it, running through 21 in 15 years. Democracy became a charade. Samuel Beer has well expressed this in his thoughtful little book *Modern Political Development*: "Democracy is a remarkably empty doctrine. It legitimizes what the people will, but it does nothing to give their will object and content....Democratic doctrine holds up neither a vision for a people to pursue, nor an ideal by which an individual can mould his life....People do ask for a purpose in life, seeking to find something greater than themselves with which to identify—a cause, a movement, a historical or moral reality. In this quest, [democracy] is at best neutral."

Many Europeans were looking for such a cause in the thirties. Marxism was not it, for as Lukacs explains, with obvious relish, by that time Marxism was already widely regarded as...old, faulty, silly; but above all, old. Instead, the dissatisfied turned to national socialism.

It was a protean movement—there were many varieties of national socialism—and it was definitely not synonymous with Fascism. Lukacs is very good at drawing these significant but generally overlooked differences. He distinguishes, for instance, between Fascism and German National Socialism—the former a Latin, early twentieth-century movement, younger and less ideological and anti-Semitic than German Nazism, which was however influenced by Italian Fascism. Both movements were anti-liberal, anti-capitalist, and anti-Communist, but their aspirations and style were different. "The Fascist ideal was a neo-Renaissance one, not altogether incompatible with Catholic Christianity; the Hitlerian dynamic was reminiscent of the anti-Renaissance fury of Luther, with a powerful populist appeal, and anti-Catholic," he writes.

Why was national socialism so attractive? It was, in the first place, an offspring of nationalism, which Lukacs identifies as the primary force in modern politics. Nationalism swept everything before it—class, party, even ideology. It penetrated into socialism, producing the synthesis of national socialism, and demolishing the unreal international socialism of Marx. Workingmen of the world, unite? Bah. The world's workingmen distrusted each other, and by 1939 butchered each other, as ardently as ever. National socialism formed, in fact, what Lukacs calls the "principle political configuration of a century." Mao, Tito, Nasser, and many Western democrats—all their regimes could be described as different mixtures of nationalism with socialism.

Second, and more important, national socialism presented a clear alternative to liberalism and capitalism. In this regard Lukacs doesn't say enough, perhaps because much of the ground is so trodden.

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Nevertheless his failure to elaborate on national socialism as an ideology (if that is the right word for so confused a subject), and his uncertain understanding of just what role ideology plays in politics, form the central shortcoming in what is otherwise a magnificent volume. He too readily dismisses the *Blut und Bosen* aspect of the movement, its appeal to heroism and self-sacrifice rather than well-being and progress, its longing for community and nature, for *Bindung* and *Ganzheit*. The dark Nietzschean undertones of German National Socialism are similarly neglected. Little is said, for instance, of that element in the movement characterized by Goebbels' description of reason, in his unsuccessful novel *Michael*, as a "pus-ridden sore on the brain."

What Lukacs is splendid at, however, is that part of the explanation of national socialism's allure which is neatly summed up in his guiding maxim, "Men will adjust their ideas to circumstances with far more ease than they will adjust circumstances to their ideas." Which is to say that national socialism, particularly German Nazism, shone by the reflected light of the Germans' brilliant military and political victories. Stunned surprise gave way to admiration as millions watched the remilitarization of the Rhineland, *Anschluss* and the absorption of Czechoslovakia, the blitzkriegs through Poland, the Low Countries, and France. To the already widespread admiration of German arts and letters and science was added wonder at their military prowess, daring, and, well, success. In conjunction with this surge of Germanophilia came a renewed sense of disgust at the losers' own societies. Lukacs records the moving allocution of a French archbishop in 1940, as he lamented the fate of France...

for having expelled God from the schools of the nation, for having supported a sickening literature...for the depressing promiscuity in homes, offices, and factories Lord, we ask your forgiveness....What have we done with the victory of 1914? What would we have done with a victory in 1940?

Again, however, distinctions. Not every Germanophile was a national socialist, in fact comparatively few were, and not every national socialist was a Germanophile, though most were.

The other half of this story was the sea change in opinion that began in late 1941, when the continent realized that perhaps a German victory was not inevitable. Again, most found ideas more pliable than circumstances, and identification with a New Order began to recede.

What we are talking about was really a new dimension in international relations: the relations not of states but of nations. Instead of an elite corps of diplomats, whole nations were involved, exchanging not communiques but images of one another. What did the Germans think of the Italians? the Danes of the Germans? the Croats of the British? The image one nation had of another assumed unprecedented importance, due chiefly to democratization and universal education.

Of particular interest to conservatives is the effect these international affinities had on the European Right. What happened was really a split in the Right between those perfervid anti-Communists who preferred German domination to cooperation with the Soviets, and those, like Churchill, who would make a pact with the Devil to defeat the Germans. As Lukacs remarks, the patriotism of the former was ideological, while the latter's was traditional. This split in the Right threw political terminology into a confusion from which it has never quite recovered. Was someone a "nationalist" who hoped for the victory of the Germans, even at his own nation's expense? Or a "conservative," who hoped for revolutionary changes in his society? The categories of Right and Left

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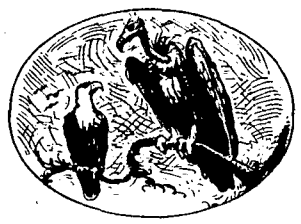
no longer described European politics, for the principal political struggle had ceased to be between Right and Left. The political battles before 1941, on the contrary, were fought between two Rights. This single insight does much to make the jumbled politics of those years intelligible. No one else has so persuasively described the dwarfing of the Left in the thirties.

The Last European War is a big book (562 pages), divided into two parts—the first a fresh, concise, and illuminating account of the diplomatic and military course of the conflict from September 1939 to December 1941, and the other a much longer inquiry into "certain matters about the lives of five hundred million people of a continent during the war: how they lived, and what they thought...." In this section Lukacs' marvelous analytical powers play over a variety of disciplines and subjects. Do you want to know what happened to religious belief during the war? how coffee consumption changed? how people fared in the neutral countries? All that is there, and more. His discussion of the Jews and their tragedy is especially fine, pointing up the invincible air of moral superiority that Communism acquired as a result of the Nazi effort to exterminate the Jews, a superiority that today bolsters leftist dictatorships (at the expense of rightist regimes) all over the world. The footnotes, which fill the bottom of virtually every page, are important and lively, and should be read. In short, for anyone who wishes to have a deeper understanding of the twentieth century, this book is indispensable. □

THE NATION'S PULSE

by

Peter J. Rusthoven



Remembering Reagan

On August 18, 1976, at the Republican National Convention in Kansas City, Governor Arch Moore of West Virginia announced that the delegates from his state cast 20 of their 28 votes for the Presidential nomination of Gerald R. Ford. At that moment, the nation's 38th President secured the endorsement of his party to be its standard bearer against Democrat Jimmy Carter in the Republic's 48th Presidential election; and at that moment, the nine-month campaign of former California Governor Ronald Reagan—the most serious challenge to a sitting Chief Executive from within his own party since James G. Blaine denied the nomination to Chester Alan Arthur in 1884—came to an end.

Governor Reagan's campaign for the Republican nomination has to date been far the most intriguing feature of this year's battle for the Oval Office, and will no doubt prove a focus for political study and discussion for some time to come. Purely as a political story, it was a fascinating tale, and the most suspenseful in many years. Not since Robert A. Taft and Dwight D. Eisenhower fought it out over delegate seating credentials in 1952 has a convention begun without one candidate having enough firmly committed delegates to ensure a first-ballot nomination. Not in recent memory has the unsuccessful challenger been so close to winning as was Reagan—out of a total of 2,259 delegates, he fell only 60 votes, or less than 3%, short of victory. Never in history has a candidate announced his running mate *before* the convention, as Governor Reagan did in selecting Senator Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania as his Vice-Presidential choice. And although all Presidential campaigns yield reams of journalistic coverage, few can match the Reagan candidacy in terms of the amount or intensity of media commentary it generated.

Most of that commentary focused, of course, on the actual race for the nomination and its political implications. The closeness of the final outcome led many to speculate that only slightly greater effort in the industrial Northeast might have pushed Reagan over the top. The defeated candidate himself wondered out loud whether a few more days in Ohio—which went 91-6 for Ford at the convention after a primary in which Reagan, with almost no campaigning, polled well over 40% of the vote—might have made the difference. The Schweiker move also sparked endless discussion, most of it concluding that Reagan had taken a daring but nonetheless "cynical" and ultimately foolhardy gamble, "betraying" his conservative constituency in a desperate attempt to salvage personal ambition. And of course, pundits devoted a great deal of their time and attention to attempted analysis of the final impact of Reagan's candidacy, focusing on whether and how greatly the Republicans were "split," whether and how far Reagan had "pushed" Ford to the Right, and on whether and how much the party itself, already a minority, had been "captured" by its own more conservative elements.

Now I am not opposed to discussion of this sort, and indeed find it rather interesting, as I suspect most politically interested and involved citizens do. To be sure, I find myself in disagreement with much of the consensus of opinion as outlined above. I do not believe that the Republican Party, to which I happen to belong, has been "captured" by a narrow band of extremists. Moreover, to my ears, talk of "cynicism" and "betrayal" in Reagan's choice of running mate sounds rather offkey, coming as it does mainly from those who normally extol the virtues of balanced tickets, and who are forever urging supposedly "narrow-based" and "unelectable" conservatives to broaden their appeal by seeking liberal alliances. On a more practical ground, it is plausible to suggest that while Reagan did not win, his selection of Schweiker shook up the already close delegate counts enough to keep his hopes alive going into the convention. But by and large, I enjoy the type of commentary and discussion engendered

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by the Reagan candidacy; the Governor's campaign certainly had an impact on the choice being made by American voters this year, and although that impact is as yet indeterminate, it is well that it should be noted and considered in the avenues of public discourse.

Having said that, I must confess that my own thoughts on Ronald Reagan's campaign for the Presidency have little to do with the kind of political and even historical features described above, interesting and important as those features may be. Rather, what impresses me most in reflecting on his bid for the White House is that he spoke to the American people, with an eloquence and passion unmatched in our generation, about matters which go to the core of our being and our survival as a free Republic. Now I realize that this is not the stuff of hard-nosed political commentary, and that self-consciously pragmatic readers might scoff at such a focus. I realize as well that *The Alternative* is not in the business of endorsing candidates for public office; and I do not propose to abandon that editorial policy here. But now that Ronald Reagan has ceased—probably forever—to be a candidate for this nation's highest public office, I hope you will indulge me a few words on what in my view set his candidacy apart.

It has become a commonplace of modern political criticism that Presidential candidates do not sufficiently discuss the "issues"—a charge which I believe is largely a red herring. Usually, all sorts of issues are aired, however imperfectly, in our Presidential election campaigns. American citizens are, for the most part, genuinely concerned over such matters as the economy, foreign policy, government spending, taxes, and all the rest; the major candidates, with varying degrees of candor and straightforwardness, usually end up conveying a serviceable impression of how they stand on these matters; and come November, voters have a workable idea of the practical, political, and philosophical alternatives being presented them. It may well be that Mr. Carter is more evasive and Mr. Ford less articulate than the norm, but I suspect that the choice made by the electorate on this occasion will not prove significantly less informed than in the past.

But there is one type of issue which *is* seldom discussed; and what so distinguished Ronald Reagan, among the many who sought and the two who still seek our votes this bicentennial year, was that he alone addressed a set of concerns that involve the fundamental role of this nation as a free Republic and as a constitutional moral order—in a world where Republics are few, freedom is scarce, constitutions are ignored, and morality is rarely seriously considered. Those who cherish the label "intellectual" are wont to dismiss conservatives as simplistic, unsophisticated, and decidedly unintelligent souls; and there can be no doubt that Ronald Reagan has, over the last nine months, borne the full brunt of this subtle and often not-so-subtle scorn from most of the media and almost all of academe. But reflect for just a moment, if you will—as you watch Mr. Carter go from coast-to-coast asking the nation to "trust him" and to "love," and as you observe Mr. Ford strike out in watered-down Harry Truman fashion at an obstreperous Congress—reflect on whether Ronald Reagan was not in fact the one candidate concerned with and speaking to matters of transcendent significance in this Presidential year.

I cannot provide here a full summary of the type of matters I have in mind, but I ask you to consider the following: We have witnessed in our lifetimes a steady erosion of those systems of government and philosophy which cherish the ideals of human freedom and human dignity on which this Republic was founded; and today, governments which have slaughtered more human beings in the last fifty years than Adolf Hitler ever dreamed of are thriving over half the globe. Yet it was only Ronald Reagan—among a chorus of candidates seeking in various ways either to ignore this fact or to assure us that it entailed no discomfitting possibilities for our own welfare—only Reagan who echoed the warnings of Solzhenitsyn, only Reagan who made it a point to impress upon his audience that the survival of human freedom involves burdensome global responsibilities for this nation. We have also witnessed in our lifetimes a steady erosion within this country of those institutions such as church and family which form the foundations of our own freedom and prosperity; and today, our perceptions on so basic an issue as the dignity of human life are sufficiently skewed that a hundred thousand unborn babies are tossed into the Hudson each year under the aegis of a newly discovered and supposedly Constitutional "right," while we debate in language of subtle sophistication whether and to what extent that same Constitution permits the "barbarity" of executing convicted murderers. Yet it was Reagan alone —amid a score of Presidential aspirants who in vague and halting tones spoke only at the periphery of such issues—Reagan alone who emphasized that such issues involved the center of our continued existence as a moral people, Reagan alone who made such issues a focal point of his campaign. And finally, though I deplore the present indulgence in apocalyptic rhetoric,

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I believe it is no exaggeration to state that the next quarter-century may well determine whether this nation in fact survives; yet it was Reagan alone, speaking just a few moments after Gerald Ford had accepted the Republican nomination, who reminded the nation in the most graceful and elegant language of the campaign that the question of survival is precisely what confronts it.

Now I did not and do not regard Ronald Reagan as some kind of savior. Nor am I particularly despondent about the choices that remain at the polls this year, and I retain a residual faith both in our citizenry and in the workings of our system. But I believe Richard Schweiker may well have been right in saying, on the morning following Gerald Ford's nomination, that Americans had lost their chance to have the best leader ever presented to this generation; and I confess to a certain wistful regret that Ronald Reagan will not be on the ballot this November. For Ronald Reagan spoke to this nation, with an eloquence that springs only from the deepest and most serious conviction, about those issues which I believe should be the first concern of civilized and responsible men. It is this which I hope to remember of the 1976 campaign; and it is this for which I personally wish to express my gratitude to the man my party chose not to nominate.

BOOK REVIEW

The Chronicles of Bustos Domecq
by Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy-Casares / Dutton / $7.95

Alan Crawford

"To be intelligible today is to be found out." Thus did Oscar Wilde disclose the dark secret of the Modernist aberration in the arts. The contemporary painter, composer, filmmaker, and novelist, ever jealous of his privileged position, has increasingly excluded the public from his bizarre rites. Theirs—the idea seems to be—is not to reason why, theirs is just to buy, buy, buy....

And so, as the contemporary artist has descended deeper and deeper into obscurity and incoherence, there have arisen the *arbitores inelegantiarum,* critical middlemen whose function is to inform the Great Unwashed why they should revere trash. Such a critic is H. Bustos Domecq, the alleged author of these Chronicles, a diverting collection of self-serious essays on mock *artistes*. Composed by the Argentine master Borges and his longtime friend and collaborator Bioy-Casares, this riotous spoof explodes the purveyors of Modernist nonsense in literature, painting, sculpture, and architecture as well as the deluded pundits who lend them respectability.

No spasm of the avant-garde escapes Domecq's attention, none is unworthy of his praise. There is one Cesar Paladion, who "reaching into the depths of his soul...published a series of books that expressed him utterly—without over-burdening the already unwieldy corpus of bibliography or falling into the all-too-easy vanity of writing a single new line." Paladion, we learn, "granted his name" to such works as *The Pathfinder, Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Eclectic Reader* (2nd Series), and a rendering in Latin of *De Divinatione*. "And what Latin it was!" thunders Domecq. "Cicero's!"

Domecq sings comparable dithyrambs to Hilario Lambkin Formento, the author of a lengthy treatise on Dante, who "after mature reflection...did away with the introduction, notes, index, publisher's name and address, and gave to the printer Dante's work." This act, Domecq is quick to remind us, constitutes no mere theft but the greatest work of descriptive criticism ever penned!

Then there is F.J.C. Loomis, a poet whose entire works consist of six one-word poems. Domecq has slight reservations about one of them, "Beret," which "suffers from a certain coldness,...perhaps attributable to the demand it makes on the reader of having to learn French."

But no superlatives can adequately convey Domecq's adoration for Santiago Ginsberg, who imparts special connotations to everyday words ("mailbox" in a Ginsberg poem means "accidental, fortuitous, incompatible with a cosmos"); for Jose Tafas who, with photographic fidelity, painted cityscapes of Buenos Aires, only to blacken them completely with shoe polish; for Adalberto Vilaseco, who published the same poem repeatedly under different titles; and for Antarctica A. Garay, whose "concave sculpture" consists of rubbish configurations to be appreciated by contemplating the spaces between them.

All of this precious befuddlement Borges and Bioy-Casares serve up with a superb sense of irony: allusions to imaginary artists abound, insufferable pedantry is played upon with admirable delicacy. Each of the illegitimate sons of Dada whom Domecq praises is inadvertently proven a fraud, and, as the reader makes his way through this little book, Domecq's own repugnant character—literary hanger-on, press agent for the avant-garde, cager of drinks, and windy bore—is devastatingly revealed.

Nonetheless, one fears that Borges and Bioy-Casares have undertaken the impossible. For no sooner have they penned these witty little essays than the objects of their derision, the mock *artistes* of their wildest imaginings, have become hopelessly obsolete.

And that, of course, is the problem of satire today. "Our age is so overflowing with absurdity," Malcolm Muggeridge once observed, "that it defies mockery." When everything that appears in the *Times* is so hilarious, he asked, where is there room, or need, for *Punch*?

Where, indeed, we might ask, is the place for Bustos Domecq when we already have the likes of Parker Tyler, Jonas Mekas, and Andrew Porter? Where is the place for Antarctica A. Garay when, in our colleges and universities, students create "environmental sculpture"—piles of dirt which wash away with the rain? Of Domecq's Universal Theater when there exist the Happenings of Allan Kaprow and Claes Oldenburg? the ineffable silence of John Cage? the early films of Andy Warhol? the refried fiction of William S. Burroughs?

What phantasm from this, Borges' second *Book of Imaginary Beings,* can compete with Chris Burden, who has nailed himself to the hood of a Volkswagen, had himself shot at, stuffed into a foot locker, and immersed in water until he fainted, and has crawled bellydown through a street strewn with shattered glass—all in the name of Art?

What, I ask you, would H. Bustos Domecq make of *him*?

If Chris Burden did not exist, I would defy Borges (or anyone, for that matter) to invent him. A spoof of this kind is thus impossible, and therein lies the failure of this book.

But no matter. As long as there are writers such as Borges whose erudition, wisdom, and cultivation prevent their even envisioning the last gasps of the Humanist tradition, all is not lost. As Goldsmith reminds us, every absurdity may now have a champion. We can take solace in the fact that Borges is not one of them. □

Alan Crawford is special assistant to Senator James L. Buckley of New York.

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The Washington Monthly has been ahead of its time in many other ways. It was the first magazine to reveal the political contributions of the dairy lobby, and in an article that won two of journalism's most distinguished awards, the first to tell of the Army's spying on civilian politics.

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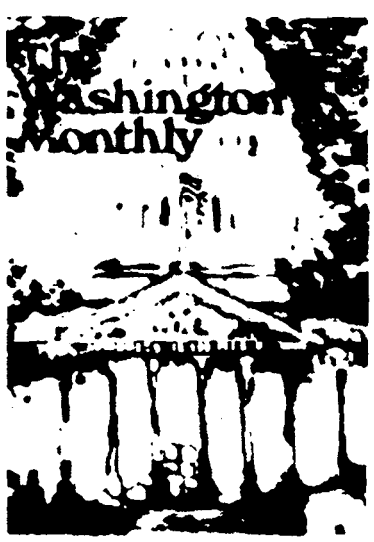
Our article on the dangers of nuclear hijacking was a year ahead of **The New Yorker**'s. Our case against social security was made two years before **Harper's**. And two years before Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Imperial Presidency*, we published "The Prince and His Courtiers at the White House, the Kremlin, and the Reichschancellery."

Time says **The Washington Monthly** is "must reading." **The New York Times** says it's "indispensable." And **The Washington Post** says it "does its specialty—government and politics—better than any other magazine around." If you aren't afraid of being right too soon, give it a try.



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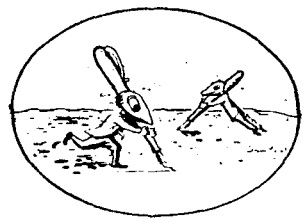
AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS
by
Paul P. Somers, Jr.



Yes, Virginia, There is a Gene McCarthy

Of all the words written about Eugene McCarthy, the most remembered are those penned by an editorial writer of the Village Voice *for publication on August 22, 1968. The* Voice *had received a letter from a girl named Virginia asking if there really was a Gene McCarthy. This was the editorial writer's now-famous answer.*

Is There a Gene McCarthy?

We take pleasure in answering the touching communication below and are indeed grateful that its author is among our readers:

Dear Editor:
I am 22 years old.
Some of my little friends say there is no Gene McCarthy.
My social psych prof says "If you see it in the *Voice* it's so."
Please tell me the truth, is there a Gene McCarthy?

Virginia Needleman
115 West 95th Street

Virginia, your little friends are wrong.

Paul P. Somers, Jr. is in the department of American thought and language at Michigan State University.

They have been affected by the cynicism of a skeptical age. They do not believe what they cannot see. They believe in nothing beyond the confines of their little minds. All minds, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours, Virginia, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Gene McCarthy. He exists as certainly as pride and egotism and the desire to lose exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary the world would be if there were no Gene McCarthy! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no spite to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in winning and achieving. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Gene McCarthy! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your social psych prof to hire graduate assistants to watch all the television election-eve new coverage to catch Gene McCarthy, but even if they did not see Gene McCarthy receiving any votes, what would that prove? Nobody, not even Gene McCarthy, really wants him to be elected President, but that is no sign that there is no Gene McCarthy. Those real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? That is neither here nor there, and proves nothing one way or the other. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what make the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the citizens who ever voted, could tear apart. Only faith, elitism, poetry, and masochism can push aside that curtain and perforate the temporal punch card to the eternal glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Gene McCarthy! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times a thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood. □

HOWL!
(continued from page 4)

constituents whose names still end in *ski* and *wicz*. At any rate the Captive Nations speech is always a particularly painful occasion for her, given the identity of the Captor, but this time she outdid herself. The Eastern Europeans are policed and hounded; the Africans are beaten, jailed, and deported; and the legendary activist scolds India! What is even more remarkable is that throughout the entire speech not once did she mention the Soviet Union or one of the Captive Nations. Instead she ran through a few arpeggios of left-liberal platitudes and concluded in her traditional manner, inveighing against the great dictatorships of this century, the United States, the late regime of Mr. Thieu, and the even later regime of Mr. Hitler.

Bohemian Backwaters

Only in such bohemian backwaters as Madame Abzug has inhabited and now represents do such excesses go unremarked. In fact such excesses are actually desirable, and Madame Abzug has always provided excesses in great variety. For instance not only does she favor abortion, she is positively in love with it. To hear her talk of it one would think abortion the culmination of romantic love, an operation of aesthetic and metaphysical beauty, limited solely by the misfortune that men cannot also partake of it. Doubtless such a limitation does not cause her too much unease, for another of her excesses is manifest in the area of male-female relations.

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She is against them. Apparently she feels that women should have as little to do with men as with any other carcinogenic substance. Madame Abzug is one of those feminists whose apparent enthusiasm for women derives from a basic hatred of men, though from all the available evidence she does not like women all that much either.

Fundamentally, Madame Abzug is a hater. Informed by the quackery of the more freakish areas of New York, inflamed by a hatred of reality, and yearning for the tidiness of some Marxist paradise, she is shouting her way into a unique respectability. This comes as a surprise. After all, America is not new to bellicose wowsers; the aforementioned Padre Coughlin comes from a long line, and more recently we have witnessed the tirades of Governor Wallace. All such rogues imperiled our liberties, and the pundits were quick to blow the whistle on them. That Madame Abzug has flourished and not even attracted a frail tweet is disquieting and renders her less amusing than would otherwise have been the case. Are American pundits so far gone in their self-loathing that they can no longer remonstrate against a hater who would repress their basic freedoms and extirpate their saucy way of life? I am at a loss to conclude anything else. □

BOOK REVIEW

In Our Time
by Eric Hoffer / Harper & Row / $7.95

William F. Gavin

Perhaps the best way to show the difficulties Eric Hoffer's new book presents to a reviewer who admires his work is to quote two passages.

The first passage appears in a chapter entitled "Dull Work":

> It may be true that work on the assembly line dulls the faculties and empties the mind, the cure only being fewer hours of work at higher pay. But during fifty years as a workingman, I have found dull routine compatible with an active mind. I can still savor the joy I used to derive from the fact that while doing dull, repetitive work on the waterfront, I could talk with my partners and compose sentences in the back of my mind, all at the same time. Life seemed glorious. Chances are that had my work been of absorbing interest I could not have done any thinking and composing on the company's time or even on my own time after returning from work.

This is Hoffer at his best. He takes a commonplace of American, indeed, of modern, thought—dull work leads to dull minds. He then turns the commonplace on its head and shows us that dull work can provide the opportunity to "compose sentences," i.e., not only to think, but to refine and cut and edit thoughts into sentences. This is a typically Hoffer touch. Most of us would settle (if we managed to gain insight in the first place) for writing "Opportunity to think." But Hoffer knows what he is doing. Thinking isn't enough. It's "composing sentences" that makes all the difference between daydreaming and philosophizing. By the last sentence in the paragraph, he has taken away all of our certainties about the evil effects of dull work and has even hinted that leisure, that most sacred of American institutions, may not be all it's cracked up to be. Not bad for five sentences. I don't know of another American writer who could pull it off.

The second quotation is taken from a chapter entitled "Rebirth": "If we accept the challenge, the common effort and the common vision will unite us as never before, and America will again become a land of hope as a whole nation watches the gradual cleaning up of a continent and the progress made in the laboratories."

This is the kind of thing a speechwriter might crank out for his boss to use when he addresses the Girl Scouts convention. There's no sign of the hard-edged Hoffer style or of the subtle mind behind that style. It is flatulent, shapeless, dead writing.

How can the same man have written both these passages? I think it might be explained by the fact that the first quotation, about work, appeared in a chapter in which Hoffer is analyzing, dissecting, brooding over his subject. He does not succumb to that most powerful temptation—to "offer solutions." He does not call for a federal program to eradicate boredom or ask that Nancy Hanks or Ronald Berman endow some yahoo with tax money in order to interpret or investigate the causes of creativity. No, Hoffer merely strolls around the subject of dull work, and points out things that most of us have never seen. His style suggests that he wouldn't be offended if we reject his insights. In Conrad's famous phrase, Hoffer only wants to make us see.

In "Rebirth," however, Hoffer takes up the question of the state of the nation, a question that begs for an "answer." Here we have the Hoffer who became a celebrity in the 1960s after his television appearances with Eric Sevareid. Instead of the thinker who stunned the intellectuals with his style and stoic indifference in *The True Believer*, we have the "personality," the "character," the Hoffer whose excited outbursts and facial contortions made him an instant (if short-lived) television celebrity. Here we have Foxy Grandpa telling us things are turning out all right, even if they seem to be wrong.

America has a super-abundance of professional doom-shouters who rake in large sums for writing and lecturing about the depravity of the American life style, the decline of the West, and other subjects that the middle class loves to wallow in. Hoffer has attacked them quite effectively. But we also have more than enough professional optimists who tell us either that things are good, or, if they are bad, that it's because of those other guys or because we're not following good advice.

What is needed is Eric Hoffer, the real Eric Hoffer, the lone gun of American intellectual life. What has this tough-minded old man, this classic loner to do with uplift or warnings? The man who wrote *The True Believer* had a *voice*. It wasn't a very pleasant voice, but it was his own and he didn't use it to please us, either by fashionably-acceptable denunciation or by flag-waving.

It has been Hoffer's misfortune to have been admired by those incapable of

William F. Gavin, author of Street Corner Conservative, *is a speechwriter for Senator James Buckley.*

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understanding him or who want him to fit into some category. He survived the praise of Dwight Eisenhower, the fatuous inanities of Sevareid, the adulation of conservatives who think that his hard line toward rioters makes him a charter member of the Right-Wing-Hit-'em-Where-It-Hurts Society, and the admiration of those on the Left who feel that any man who is critical of religious belief (as Hoffer was in *The True Believer*) can't be all bad.

Hoffer has even survived his own unfortunate tendencies to sound, at times, like everybody's favorite crank or a likeable eccentric and to exaggerate the virtues of the common man. (It is a curious phenomenon that intellectuals—and surely Hoffer has earned that title, no matter how offensive he might find it—either praise workingmen too much or too little.)

In Our Time is a collection of 32 brief essays (if three-page pieces can be called essays) dealing with a wide range of topics: the middle class and its strengths and weaknesses, the need for each human being to master a skill, the necessity for those without power to organize, the fallacy of black studies programs—on each, Hoffer has something interesting to say. "Interesting," as every teacher of writing knows, is a weak word—but it is precisely the word for Hoffer. For Hoffer always whets his reader's curiosity, even when he dares to say the obvious. Moreover, Hoffer is a model of integrity, and, through the force of his character, he has made a great contribution to American intellectual life. *In Our Time*, despite a few lapses into banality, bears the Hoffer imprint throughout and therefore deserves a wide audience. □

BOOK REVIEW

A Voice from the Chorus
by Abram Tertz (Andrei Sinyavsky) / Farrar, Straus and Giroux / $10

Juliana G. Pilon

It is tempting to describe *A Voice from the Chorus* as pure art: this collection of aphorisms, selected from letters Andrei Sinyavsky wrote to his wife during his seven-year imprisonment in a Gulag camp, is a garden of exotic petals. Revealing a profound understanding of literary criticism, of psychology and folklore, of man and death, these fragments come alive—and with a simplicity that infuses only the finest of man's gropings for the sublime.

Yet mere art it is not. What Sinyavsky says of the Gospels (a book he kept hidden in his boot throughout his imprisonment, defying prohibitions against it) applies also to his own creation:

> Feeling is conveyed directly. Art is always secondary, allegorical. But here all is directness. An emanation of the spirit and of the miraculous. The parables have only an auxiliary role—to help us in our lack of understanding. The "aesthetic" approach is not possible. It is easier to conceive the world as an allegory than this book...

Sinyavsky's parables reveal the miraculous, the spirit in its magical nakedness laughing at its own naughty flights into truth parading as fantasy. Have we a new version of the Bible here—with God resurrected to become man, worshiping his own mortality in a chant of dreams?

The book is itself a testimony, a plea of "guilty" to the charges that brought Sinyavsky to his fate in 1966: writing in a spirit alien to Soviet literature—desecrating, in short, the Idols of the Communist Theatre. His books had been published in the West under the pseudonym "Tertz" for almost a decade, stunning the readership with wild, ironical, brilliant excursions into surrealism. It is literature in the grand tradition of Gogol, Babel, Kafka, Ionesco, a bold repudiation of the standard-plotted, sloganful fiction of Red Russia.

In his essay on *Socialist Realism* published in the French magazine *Esprit* in 1959, Sinyavsky had outlined his credo:

> Right now I put my hope in a phantasmagoric art, with hypotheses instead of a Purpose, an art in which the grotesque will replace realistic descriptions of ordinary life.

Thus Sinyavsky yearns "to be truthful with the aid of the absurd and the fantastic," ready to observe "the metamorphoses of God that take place before our very eyes, the miraculous transformations of His entrails and His cerebral convolutions." And what are these metamorphoses if not irony, myth, satire? Describing women as wild mermaids, a dictator as a magician who transforms putrid water into vodka, one's true self as literally another person—such is the stuff of Sinyavsky's nightmare, true to the life of terrified citizens whose wives become dehumanized in crowded shared kitchens, whose leaders ask them to see luxury in misery, whose very selves become strangers. Surrealism alone and not literal photography of sentiment will capture such madness. While sharing Solzhenitsyn's abhorrence of a Socialist fiction antithetic to sincerity and human experience, as well as his need for "literary experiments," Sinyavsky takes the option of allegory.

A Voice from the Chorus applies this stylistic approach to the author's own experience in the camps. Against an antiphonal chant of prisoners' utterances—at times absurd, amusing, or grotesque, but always genuine—Sinyavsky's solo is both accompaniment and contrast. Throughout the book he is acutely aware of the sounds of words, the meanings of unusual syntactical constructions, the beauty of all language, the plasticity of camp slang. In colorful, coarse language, in metaphor and proverb, the prisoners convey their emotions most vividly:

> I have so much anger in me that if you were to lay me on some ice it would thaw to a depth of four feet.

Or:

> The good thing about this place is that a man feels he is nothing but a naked soul.

And so he is: Sinyavsky proves it. He is attuned to the convolutions of grass, to falling snow ("the very nerves can feel it snowing"), the scintillating chords of a Mozart quintet, the mesmerizing suspense of a Matisse drawing left unfinished. The prison camp is a training ground for the keenest perception and the highest vitality:

> Here people think and philosophize more intensely than in the world of scholarship and science. Ideas are not culled from books, but grow out of a man's very bones. Nowhere is the life of the spirit lived at such a pitch, with such zest, as here, on the edge of the world.

Juliana G. Pilon teaches philosophy at the University of Chicago and is a research assistant at Michael Reese Hospital.

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Men need never consider themselves as "outcasts or prisoners, but reservoirs. Not men but wells, deep pools of meaning." The whole world of imagination and art is open: each personality is an ocean, a microcosm of all natural wonder, able to rejoice in the journeys of the mind. Drab reality is never as drab as it seems to the uninitiated: art is not luxury but the very marrow of one's bones.

Jackdaws over the wood are like flakes of soot. Art and life? But perhaps there is no life—just art?

The question is not to be answered or even entertained. Sinyavsky repudiates the distinction: art is simply the positive contribution to one's own universe, appearance enhances reality. And nothing is trivial: a tree is intermediate between sky and earth, a road to heaven, a sprouting coffin; horses are inscrutable (their souls dwelling in those twitching, twirling ears); sleep—the watering place of the soul.

With the same openness and familiarity as he approaches all nature, Sinyavsky speaks of man's artistic creations, commenting on meaning and style. He believes that history is part of the furniture of every mind, its playground, its natural milieu: Celtic fairy-tales are not for dusty scholars, nor medieval sculptures for stuffy museums alone, and folklore is flowing in everyone's blood (a conception reminiscent of Jung and Eliade). In his letters from camp, Sinyavsky (as Mandelstam before him) reflects on past treasures of our cultural heritage as if they belonged to him, to anyone. He is in love with the very process of being alive and aware—*qua* man, artist and critic.

To be sure, survival is not overestimated: he recalls nostalgically the days when people valued it less—"it was easier to breathe." At the same time, he appreciates the heroism it takes to uphold principle. Whatever the metaphysical profundities Gulag might provide—with ample time for speculation and a detachment conducive to aesthetic insights—Sinyavsky does not for a moment forget the horror to which he has succumbed, the unprecedented injustice that pervades the Soviet system. To really grasp it, one must take refuge in metaphor. Even if Sinyavsky's letters to his wife had not been so scrupulously censored he could not have said what can be said, what Solzhenitsyn has attempted to illustrate by listing atrocities. Behind Sinyavsky's intriguing and sophisticated aphorisms there lurks a spectre.

He may be writing this of himself or of any man who has dared to listen:

In the night he hears a chorus of voices—of the spirits of the earth, perhaps, or of all the numberless tribes and peoples scattered over it. And as he listens he feels that if he were suddenly to understand but a single word out of this chorus, he would go mad. To understand is to go mad. □

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor:

It is not my purpose here to comment on the merits or demerits of Karl O'Lessker's review of George Nash's book, *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945*, which appeared in your May 1976 issue. However, it *is* my purpose to disagree with a single statement of Mr. O'Lessker's in this review—that William F. Buckley, Jr. was "detested" by Willmoore Kendall.

As Willmoore Kendall's wife and as a person who assisted him with his work during the last ten years of his life, I must protest. Hasn't Mr. O'Lessker ever heard of the phenomenon of family quarrels that erupt from time to time, especially where father-and-son relationships are close but rambunctious? The intellectual electricity ever generated between Kendall and Buckley was, to my knowledge, always laced with a great deal of personal regard for each other even though the chances of one not speaking to the other in any particular week were excellent. Mr. O'Lessker makes his judgment as an "outsider," I'm afraid.

Nellie Kendall
Irving, Texas

To the Editor:

On my pledge not to stretch out my epistolary controversy with Mr. O'Lessker [see August/September Correspondence] to the crack of doom, may I have one more waltz?

Mr. O'Lessker is convinced—I am tempted to say "determined"—that no conservative coalition can be built in this country. It certainly takes tunnel vision of formidable severity for him to cite 1968 as the best recent example of his contention. I quote:

"Consider 1968: running against a quintessential liberal whose own party was in shambles, with the nation torn by years of Vietnam and race riots, the respectably conservative Richard Nixon, at the head of a united and heavily-financed party, barely managed to eke out a win. Where in heaven's name was the basically conservative majority that year?"

The answer, of course, is: split, as usual. Mr. O'Lessker totally overlooks (or at any rate inexcusably omits to mention, in his account of the 1968 result) the fact that nearly 10 million voters cast their ballot that year for a third-party candidate, George Wallace. That is quite a lot of votes for a man of Mr. O'Lessker's broad personal political experience to overlook. And it just happens to explain what I am talking about when I speak of the desirability of a conservative coalition outside the GOP.

What was missing in 1968, and will be missing again this year (to answer another of Mr. O'Lessker's speculations), was a viable *Republican* majority. That will-o'-the-wisp has been eluding conservatives for 44 years—and it will keep right on eluding them for another 44, if necessary.

For the moment, any practical hope of a conservative coalition is out the window in any case—two golden opportunities for it (one in the Republican Party after 1968, and the other outside it after 1972) having been incontinently thrown away. Economic conservatives of the O'Lessker type will, for the time being, continue to vote grimly (and futilely) Republican. A majority—perhaps a large majority—of the social conservatives will accept Jimmy Carter's warm invitation to rejoin the Democratic Party, and will stay there until and unless President Carter outrageously disregards their convictions and their hopes. Still others (and I will be one of these, unless the GOP has nominated Ronald Reagan by the time this appears) will leave the Republican Party once and for all, and seek to fashion a new vehicle which can, on some happier future day, truly represent the broadly conservative impulses of a majority of the American people.

William A. Rusher
New York, New York

To the Editor:

May I congratulate you on your moving closer to what seems to be the most trenchant need of the contemporary American culture—the literary exposure of idiocy. By saying "literary," I have in mind that mysterious acumen which, from Homer to Solzhenitsyn, has been successful in delineating the shapes of what's around us and in us. As such, literature still remains man's ally, in spite of the current concerted effort of publishers and reviewers to reduce it to reporting on endocrinological secretions of an individual or an entire society. It consequently consecrates cretinism as humanness and with the help of friendly pop-mass-media, promotes moronicality as innocence and sincerity in Manhattan's East-Side Arcadia.

So, what I'd like to congratulate you on is Mr. J. Whitney Stillman's splendid sketch (I don't know what to call it otherwise), and express regret that he did not complete more than two pages of print. [See "For the Love of Gob" in August/September.] Chiding him for delivering a superb piece of writing seems incongruous, but what's needed is a novel—an attempt to revive the devastating fury of Swift, Voltaire, Gogol, or at least of an Evelyn Waugh. Mr. Stillman has a precision of touch which transcends the popular satire and drills deeper, until it zeroes in on the very imbecility of the imbecile. It can safely be claimed that no one has better materialized the inherent grotesquerie of mental deformations of the recently omnipresent man of cloth who embraced the naked truth of the *Hustler* magazine.

Not long ago, John Updike published a novel entitled *A Month of Sundays*, in which the Liberal-Protestant numbness was presented as victimized progressive sensitivity, and in which he lamentably confused human necessities with human prerogatives, as it the banality of evil were equivalent to the banality of sin—an unpardonable error for both a theologian and a litterateur. We, in the new Rockford College Institute, will be keeping watch on these peculiar fallacies; they seem subtly deliberate and we don't underestimate their impact on man and society. It is why we would tend to fondly castigate Mr. Stillman for not aiming at more and more and more.

Leopold Tyrmand
Rockford, Illinois

To the Editor:

"There was nothing for the Jews to do," writes Max Geltman in his [June/July] review of Irving Howe's *World of Our Fathers*, but go to Socialism or America. This was in reference to the Russian pogroms after the assassination of Czar Alexander II in 1881, and I fear it is too typical of the sort of arrogance that makes Americans so little beloved in Europe.

It has always puzzled me that the British, the most insular, not to say xenophobic, of nations, have always been the least anti-Semitic people in the world. We have no "Gentlemen's Agreements" here and no "restricted" resorts. It was natural for Jews persecuted in Russia in 1881 to turn *first* to a country that six years before had had a Jewish Prime Minister and leader of the Tory Party.

Jews came in waves to Manchester and Leeds and London, and their descendants to this day have, to quote our Chief Rabbi, "had nothing whatsoever to complain of," unless it be a coolness towards Zionism because it reached its goal by killing British soldiers. It would be wearisome to detail how, in every field, these immigrants

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repaid their debt to the land of their adoption. Suffice it to say that we need not look far to find Lord Rothschild and Lord Melchett in the Labour Party, Disraeli and Sir Moses Montefiore in the Tory Party, Herbert Samuel and Lord Reading in the Liberal Party.

And it might be well to remind our American cousins that the great Jewish writer Sholem Asch, whom Max Geltman selects for special mention, chose after a spell of American exile to end his days in London—the only place, he claimed, where a Jew found real tolerance, and not least from his fellow Jews.

George Edinger
London, England

To the Editor:

Edith Efron's "TV, Conservatives, and the First Amendment" [August/September] is an eloquent defense of free speech as guaranteed by the First Amendment. The author, however, has mixed up her cast of characters. The First Amendment was designed to protect the right of any American to start a newspaper and disagree with government policy, without Congress passing a law to forbid the dissemination of such dissent.

Today a handful of Americans, the Gatekeepers, can say to tens of millions of Americans at any time anything they want even if it is untrue and subversive of all our values. To say that the Gatekeepers are merely exercising their right to free speech is gratuitous. They do not need the First Amendment. For nobody dares challenge their awesome power; and they know that.

On the other hand, there are hundreds of very articulate Americans, including Edith Efron, who are most anxious to correct the errors made daily by the Gatekeepers. They are prevented from reaching the Gatekeepers' audience by being systematically kept off the publicly owned airwaves.

To imply that by their actions, the Gatekeepers are defending freedom of speech is sheer chutzpah. It is comparable to the judge who, having released an assailant on a technicality, lectures the little old woman who had been beaten to within an inch of her life that she is lucky to be living in a society of law, otherwise it would not be safe for her to go out into the street.

Abe Kalish
Silver Spring, Maryland

To the Editor:

In his review of "radical" magazines in your April issue, Chilton Williamson puts in his two cents about *The Radical Therapist*, and specifically about my poster—in his view another manifestation of superserious feminist pandering. He mentioned the piece of work as if he did not quite believe it had been done by a woman, or it it had, as if it was being displayed as a woman's work for feminist reasons.

Yes, Chilton, there really is a "Judy Greenberg." As to the poster, the graphic began as a nocturnal scribble done in a fit of "ennui" before the prospect of yet another Late Late Late Show. It was sent to the *RT* spuriously and adapted by the staff as a cover-illustration. They subsequently decided to use it for the poster. I offered them another illustration but too late and in vain. I suspect that outside the LNS graphics, the *RT* cannot get another artist worth a plug nickel. Since I am worth at least a plug nickel, I had to fill the bill. Hence my "beautiful graphic."

Contrary to what you may believe about anyone who does work for the *RT*, I am not a feminist lesbian, I allow men to pay for meals, and I have, on occasion, been known to display bigotry. I detest Poles, Bulgarians, WASPs, and retired S.S. colonels. I am also not too fond of Albanians, Syrians, and Iraqis. People of the Irish Persuasion also irritate me at times. I work for the *RT* because I particularly loathe psychiatrists, whom I consider a separate species—one having as much in the way of benevolent instincts as a pack of hydrophobic mandrills.

I readily agree that the "radical" press is conspicuously lacking in humor. I know from personal experience because every time I send out a non-serious piece it comes back like a fast boomerang. However, since I do not have a literary agent, I have a market problem. And anyone with a market problem cannot get an agent.

Judith A. Greenberg
New York, New York

Mr. Williamson replies:

I'm delighted to learn that a feminist hetero has achieved at least token representation at *The Radical Therapist*: you must be as a breath of fresh air in the editorial offices. Letting men buy you meals is surely a sign of psychic health, although detesting Poles and Bulgarians is merely in accordance with the Spirit of Helsinki; while loathing WASPs is—well, not quite what the English call PLU (People Like Us).

Keep plugging away with your nickelsworth. I know only too well what it feels like to have to send in a piece to a magazine spuriously: I do it all the time. Usually my pieces are accepted spuriously, too—a fact of which the editors become aware only when they receive a lot of hot letters from the readership. Be careful, however, about scribbling things in fits of ennui. According to John Leonard, true art is conceived in playfulness.

I *still* think that's what's missing from underground journalism. □

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CURRENT WISDOM

Washington Post

Due process as practiced in the People's Republic of China:

Workers of a factory manufacturing electrical apparatus put up the posters in defense of a young worker sentenced last summer to 20 years imprisonment for rape.

The posters said that in autumn 1973 Wang, the young worker of the electrical apparatus factory, was caught having sexual relations with a girl called Mao (her full name was not disclosed) when they were supposed to be attending a meeting to criticize the late Marshal Lin Piao and the philosopher Confucius.

The posters said that the young couple had been courting for some time and the affair could have been settled inside the factory by a criticism session for "bourgeois conduct." [*August 16, 1976*]

The New York Review of Books

Madame Elizabeth Hardwick launches a metaphysical, axiological, syntactical whopper, all on behalf of the Georgian Wonder Boy. Elizabeth, once again you have been had:

Love and the politics of love. In his acceptance speech, Carter said on this subject, "Now I have spoken a lot of times this year about love. But love must be aggressively translated into simple justice." Love—isn't there something Southern in the word, in the oval shape of it? It is not easy to imagine Reagan or Ford attempting the articulation. In any case they are elocutionists of the negative, ardent in warning, fervent in surgery, secular in their commercial diction. Carter, uniting love and some, actually much, of his opponents' shudders at libertinage, is a mysterious figure, charismatic in his accent rather than in his person. It is not only love he inspires, but hope. And even the hope that attends him cannot yet entirely break free from its rooting in the arid soil of mere compassion. [*August 5, 1976*]

The Progressive

Mr. Saul Friedman, sociological poet, observes the private pleasures of the revolutionary cadres of Flint, Michigan:

But even though Flint, a General Motors town, is a stronghold of industrial unionism and helped give birth to the United Auto Workers, its unemployed don't cry out in pain or shout with rage. They bleed and suffer silently, taking their anger and frustration out on their children, their families, themselves.
[*February 1976*]

Mother Jones

From *Mother Jones,* a stupendous reservoir of the Advanced Thought, comes this imposing declaration; a declaration sure to strike resonant chords not only in Manhattan, but also amongst the women of Bulgaria, Upper Volta, and the world:

It is time to name, once and for all, these crimes against the women of the world.

What kind of crimes? Physical and sexual crimes like rape, child molestation, and wife beating. Medical crimes like forced sterilization and forced motherhood (through the inaccessibility of birth control and abortion). And economic crimes like job discrimination and low pay....

Sisterhood is powerful, but international sisterhood is more powerful. Help us make the International Tribunal on Crimes against Women a reality. [*February-March 1976*]

New York Times

The legendary *New York Times* elucidates the profundities of a modern Vivaldi:

Mr. Diamond, for all the blues-based energy of some of his music, had never fully accepted the assumptions of rock-and-roll. Instead, he reached back to the slick punkdom of the late 1950's Elvis Presley and further back still to the pop craftsmen of Tin Pan Alley....

Next to the very best popular music of the last 15 years, he sounds rhetorical, calculated and slick. But within a more proper evaluative context—compared, say, to Tom Jones—he remains a vital, pleasing performer, one who domesticates the energy of rock for older audiences without fully betraying that energy.
[*August 15, 1976*]

Democratic National Convention

An inspired typographical botch in the news release of the Rt. Hon. Frank Church's foreign policy tirade, hollered at the 1976 Democratic Convention:

We will restore to primacy on our international agenda those fundamental issues that matter most: an end to nuclear proliferation that could prove fatal to our civilization; global cooperation to preserve the environment, to save the oceans, to temper population growth, to expand fool production....
[*News Release of Senator Church's speech to the Democratic National Convention*]

Democratic National Convention

After beginning his acceptance speech by observing that 1976 will be a year of "quiet and sober reassessment of our nation's character," Wonder Boy Carter warms to his subject:

It's time for a complete overhaul of our income tax system. I feel it's a disgrace to the human race.
[*July 15, 1976*]

Mother Jones

The distinguished leftist journal, *Mother Jones*, notifies its readers of some forward-looking gustable activites:

Can you tell male and female cockroaches apart? Do you have a favorite book about cockroaches? *Mother Jones* is planning a collage of cockroach information: history, habits, literary references, perfect poisons, etc. Send us your cockroach trivia (with a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want it back again), and if we print it we'll send you $5. Mail to Roaches, c/o *Mother Jones*, 607 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94105. [*June 1976*]

Memoranda

Mr. Spiro Agnew reenters American public life adorned in a kaffiyeh, his wallet bulging with Saudi boodle, as he spouts the Soviet party line on the Middle East:

There will be no solution in Palestine until justice is granted to over one million Moslem and Christian Palestinians who were driven from their homes and to the hundreds of thousands who remained as virtual serfs in the land of their ancestors... [*July 1976*]

The Wall Street Journal

A modern Tocqueville rises up from the backwoods of Louisiana to propound a glorious new theory of political freedom, the Four Box Hypothesis:

"You have four boxes that protect your freedom,' delegate Woody Jenkins, a Louisiana legislator, tol the [American Independence Party] convention "They are the soap box, the ballot box, the jury box and the cartridge box. If you ever lose the cartridg box, the other three won't mean a thing."
[*August 30, 1976*]

Los Angeles Times

The greatest moonshiner to sashay out of Georgia since the dawn of time again reveals his famed lubricous candor:

Does he consider himself a populist? Carter was asked.

"I think so," he replied.

But asked to define the word, he said, "I'll let you define it. How do you define liberalism? How do you define truth? How do you define honesty or love? How do you define compassion, understanding and compatibility? They are different words that anyone could define." [*July 17, 1976*]

The Nation

For solving America's dreadful problem of individual freedom, the liberal *Nation* adduces a political model worthy of emulation by all:

Much has been reported recently of the remarkable response of the Chinese to overwhelming, uncontrollable, natural disaster. In the face of earthquake or volcanic eruption, typhoon or plague, it is not surprising that a social fabric crumples. But not in China ....To what may we attribute such extraordinary composure amid chaos and death? For one thing, the Chinese have determined to understand and predict the earthquakes....It should also be said that in recent times the people of China have been taught obedience and to engage themselves in mass enterprises at short notice. [*August 14, 1976*]

Ms.

How "George" failed Mercedes, featured only in the correspondence section of the intellectual *Ms.*:

Last winter my boyfriend of two years and I broke up. I waited the usual time—you know, until the label of "that's Joe's *old* girlfriend" wore off. Then I finally asked this guy out.

What a wreck I was...pacing the floor, trying to get up the old nerve. Well, I called "George" (fictitious name), one of the gorgeous males in school. The phone rang five times...my stomach 10 times. My speech was planned. I asked.

After I hung up I was so proud of myself—I had proved I could do it. I now realize the hell that males go through. Well, he said yes and we went out (to my friend's for dinner). You know, that "shy, gorgeous" guy wasn't worth the battering my nerves took. I think he left his personality at home and thought that his good looks and maleness would get him through the evening. But I have to say that one of the best parts of knowing him was the act of asking him out. I love myself for it. Go Ahead! Mercedes Niess
Lake Ronkonkoma, N.Y.
[*April 1976*]

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for Volume Nine
1975-1976

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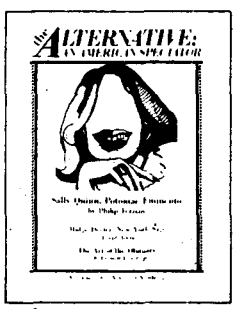

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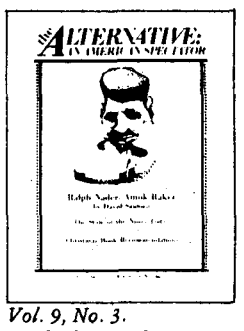

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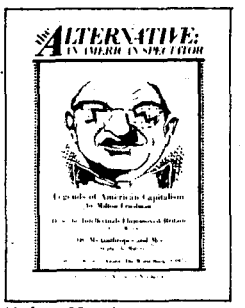

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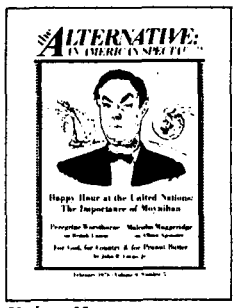

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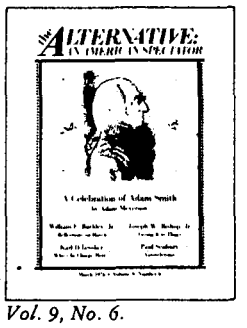

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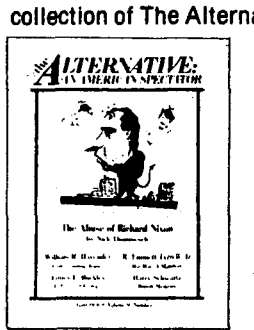

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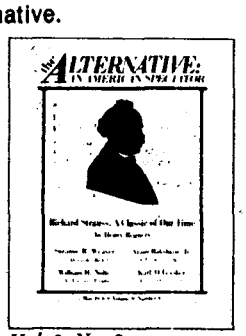

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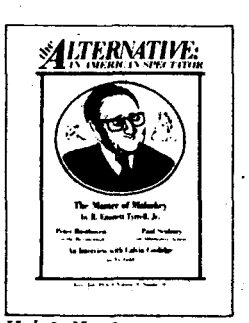

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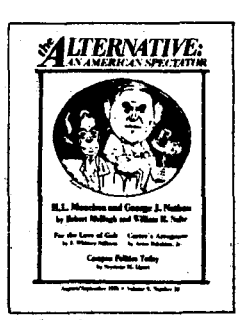

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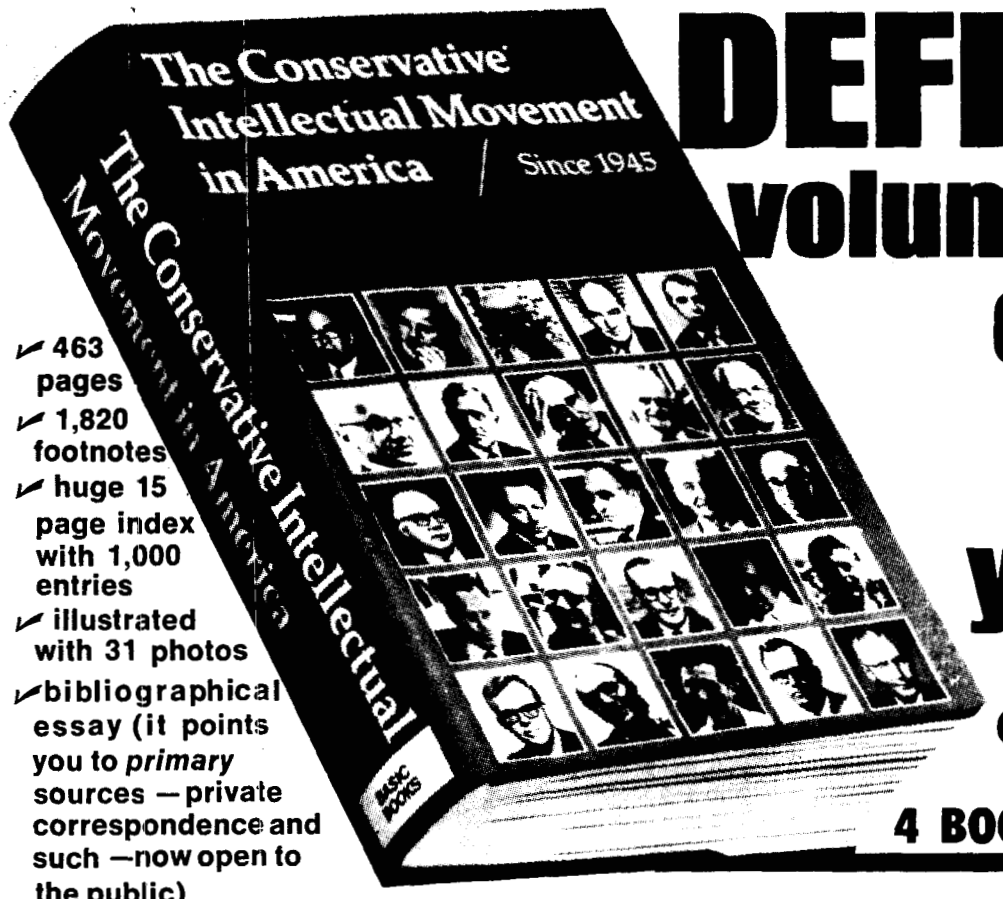
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